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NOW AND THEN

The Appalachian Magazine

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services /Institute for Appalachian Affairs
East Tennessee State University

Pigeon Forge Rooster — Michael Smith

TOURISM IN APPALACHIA

Special Report on Tourist Central
Sevier County, Tennessee
Dollywood, Outlet Malls, Gatlinburg

• Fiction by Meredith Sue Willis • The Industrial Revolution as Tourist Draw •

• Poetry • Photos • Reviews • Music •

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I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee.

—Mark Twain, from ***The Gilded Age****, 1869*

Tennessee State Library and Archives

Picnic in a very dense cloud on Roan Mountain in Tennessee, June 1947.

Volume 8, Number 1
Spring 1991

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Now and Then Magazine

Now and Then has been published three times a year since 1984 by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services (CASS) at East Tennessee State University. CASS is one of the State of Tennessee's Centers of Excellence supporting artistic, scholarly and public service projects in the region. When you become a Friend of CASS ($9.00 per year, $12 for institutions and libraries) you will receive a subscription to *Now and Then.*

Submissions of poetry, fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics and photographs concerned with Appalachian life past and present are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Address correspondence to: Editor, **Now and Then,** Box 19180A, ETSU, Johnson City, TN 37614-0002.

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ISSN No. 0896-2693
TBR No. 220-052-90

NOW AND THEN

The people! To be gloated over by exultant Ph.D.'s (who find in mountain shacks the accents of Elizabeth); to be gawked at by tourists (now the roads are good) in search of the rare picturesque. . .
—Thomas Wolfe, from The Hills Beyond, *1941*

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SEVIER COUNTY, TENNESSEE

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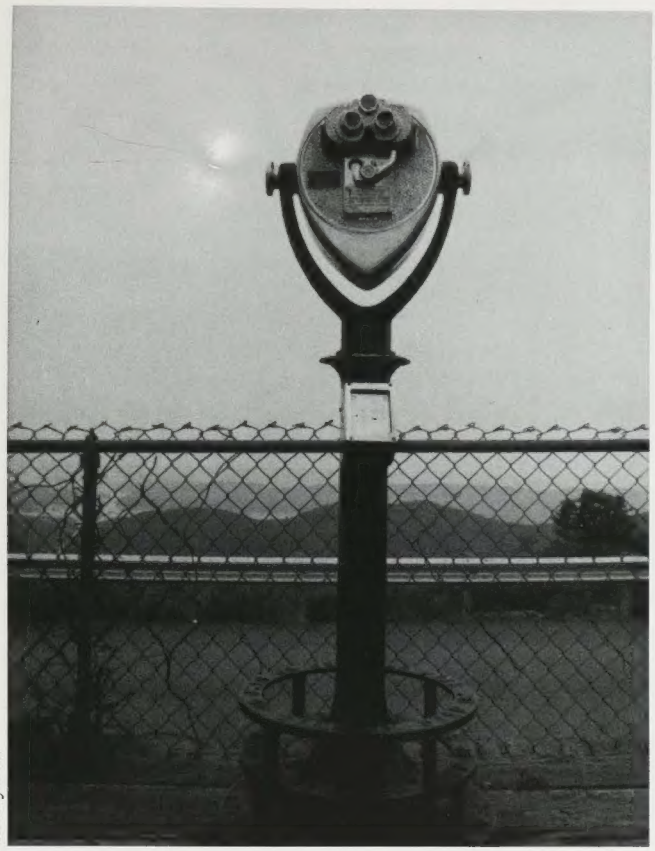
Thanks for special help on this issue to Larry Smith and University Relations.

Printed by McFarlane Grafx, Bristol, Va. 2M copies.



Randy Ball

Now and Then Magazine

Tourons in Wallyworld

The tourons are descending on Wallyworld again. That's what some of the employees of Dollywood in Pigeon Forge, Tenn., are thinking about the summer visitors. (Touron is a cross between a tourist and a moron. Wallyworld is the mythical theme park in the movie *National Lampoon's Vacation* with Chevy Chase.)

The cynical attitude of those working in the tourism industry is a necessary defense against mindless visitors who would never say and do at home the things they say and do while on vacation. A member of a bluegrass band playing in an 1880s theme park (though bluegrass was invented some 45 years ago, it gives the right kind of old-timey feel) remembers a man jumping on stage and putting an arm around him—while he was playing—so that a family member could take a picture. Dollywood employees are regularly asked where there might be moonshine stills and outhouses in the area. And it's hard to hold tourists in high esteem after witnessing a parent tell a child—as one Dollywood employee swears she heard more than once—"Look at her make that soap, honey. That's how they do it around here. They don't buy soap at the store."

Employees in tourist towns put up with it, mostly with grace, tact and good humor. They have to. In towns like Pigeon Forge, the tourism industry is where the jobs are.

All over Appalachia tourism has become a major development strategy. It's an attractive idea for rural economies in the region. There are certainly great wonders to show off throughout the mountains. But this issue of *Now and Then* is *not* devoted to exploring the sights in Appalachia. There is more than enough literature about that. It is the pursuit of tourism as economic salvation that we are investigating. We looked into the impact of the industry, the (taxpayer) money spent promoting tourism, the costs and benefits for communities. The goal was to find out if this tourism bandwagon has enough horsepower to make it worth exploiting the scenery and culture of this region.

Our conclusions were not encouraging. The work tourism provides is not something from which most people can make much of a living, much less a career. Property values and cost of living are higher in tourist areas than in other parts of the region. And the traffic can be awful.

Tourism is tough on a culture, too. It seems that plenty of Midwesterners visiting Dollywood believe the *Beverly Hillbillies* image of the mountains. Plenty of commercial enterprises in the area are glad to uphold the illusion. Look at the menu at Possum's Kuntry Kookin in Gatlinburg where you can order "One chickin' frush aig (any way yuns want) with Hog Bakun or Kuntry Sausage."

The Cherokee culture is in a bind, too, selling a popularized image of Indians (big feather headdresses and teepees) that has never existed in the East. Part of a 1979 letter to the weekly newspaper in Cherokee, N.C., the *Cherokee One Feather*, shows the dilemma. R.F. Stamper, a Cherokee native who was in the Navy, wrote about periodic visits home:

"In 1968 we came home on leave and it was during the summer, and our children would rather see an Indian dressed in feathers than to see Santa.

"We were driving through Cherokee, and my youngest son Davy was shouting out the window 'Hi Indian!' And my wife, Jean, said, 'Be quiet Davy, you are an Indian too.' Davy said, 'Yes, but not that kind.'

"Well, I guess when I get back home I will have to buy him an outfit so he can become that kind of Indian."

Preservation of authentic Cherokee culture has been boosted by the tourist industry, too, though. The Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, Inc., is a cooperative providing an outlet for authentic, well-made traditional crafts of the Cherokee. The Oconaluftee Village and the Cherokee Museum show the Cherokee way of life in earlier times. It was the interest of outsiders—tourists—that generated these places.

There are other factors that may make tourism the preferred choice for economic development in a community. It is certainly better than some of the dangerous, polluting industries that come to the South for the cheap labor. In isolated mountain communities, even marginal industries might not come because of accessibility problems. Tourism may not provide the best living for these areas, but in a rural mountain county, it may provide the only living.

This edition is not meant to discourage tourism in the mountains; it is meant to provide some balance on the issue. There is much to see and many people dependent on visitors in the region. So all you tourons out there, grab your T-shirts with silly sayings, and get ready for another summertime in Appalachia.

—Pat Arnow

Romanticism on Wheels

At the 1985 Appalachian Studies Conference in Berea, Ky., anthropologist Melinda Bollar Wagner and several of her students in the Appalachian Studies Program at Radford University presented a highly memorable and mind-opening paper, "Images of Appalachia In Tourist Literature: Commercialization of Cultural Differences." This essay raised a number of serious questions which have been pursued in this latest issue of *Now and Then*. Following Wagner's lead, we have sought to maintain a balanced and objective approach towards tourism in Appalachia, neither attacking nor defending it, but simply doing our best to understand its effects upon this region and its people.

For good and ill, tourism has been a fact of social, cultural and economic life in the Southern Appalachians for many years, increasing in significance as we move deeper into a service-based economy and further away from primary reliance upon extractive industries, manufacturing and agriculture. As Pat Arnow's close examination of the economics of tourism in Sevier County, Tenn., tells us, a good deal of the money spent by tourists in this area, the home of Dolly Parton and America's most visited national park, winds up in the hands of outside investors. Sales and service jobs generated by tourism tend to be low-paying and seasonal, and there seems to be little appreciable effect on the quality of the county's services to its local residents, particularly education. As substantial as it is, the volume of tourist revenue is simply not great enough to offset the entrenched undercapitalization and overpopulation that characterizes the region's economic climate as a whole.

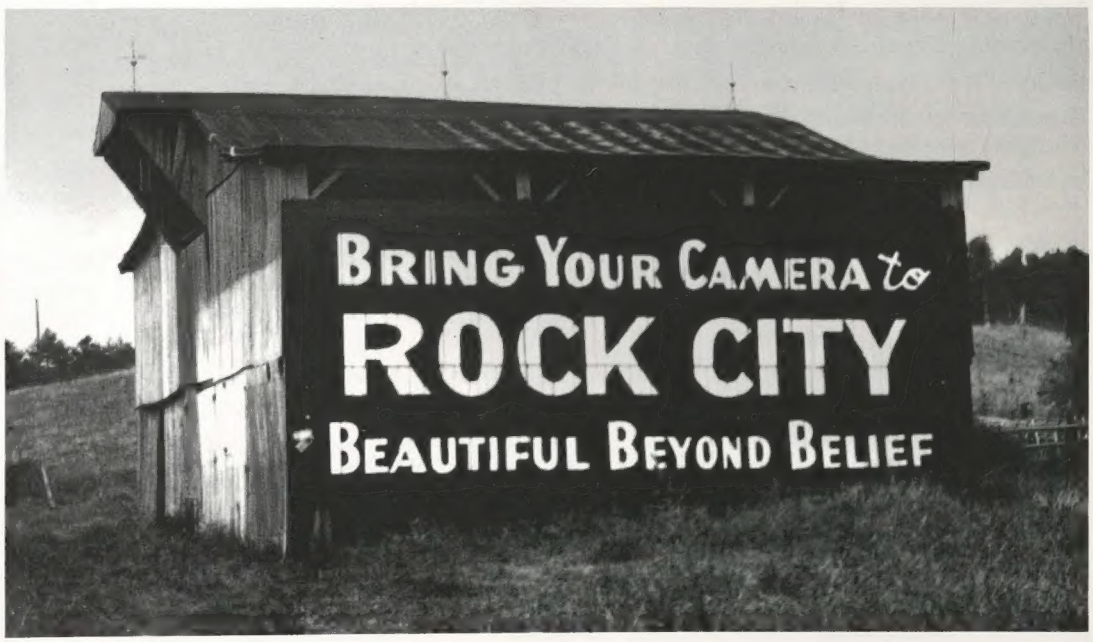
Though more subtle than the strip mining of coal or the clear-cutting of timber, tourism in Appalachia nonetheless exploits the region's human and natural resources, a process in which, it should be acknowledged, most of the people involved are apparently happy to take part. When the Blue Ridge Parkway was first proposed during the early years of the Great Depression, Harley Jolley (see review in this issue) reports that a majority of the mountain people along its proposed route were delighted at the prospect of government jobs and easy access to the outside world; it was only an atypical minority who expressed concern over the loss of privacy and the disruption of the natural environment that would accompany the construction of the new roadway. Great pains were taken by the planners and builders of the Blue Ridge Parkway to create the impression of naturalness and tradition even while they were engaged in political struggles to impose their vision upon local politicians and promoters who would rather have seen its vistas graced with billboards, gift shops and roadside amusements.

Wagner contends that mainstream America periodically needs to escape from itself by retreating to marginal areas like the Southern Appalachians that are imagined to be less cultured but more natural, places where the wellsprings of primeval authenticity have not been paved over with the fabrications and artificialities of mundane modern life. This is a fundamentally romantic vision of tourism, romanticism on wheels, if you will. If the tourist is engaged, as Wagner says, in a form of secular pilgrimage, then the tourist area obligingly responds by transforming itself into a carnival. Natives dress up as caricatures of their ancestors to satisfy the expectations of outsiders; hucksters peddle nostalgia symbols, secular relics of an idealized past that is neither genuine nor spurious but deliberately reshaped, like a Japanese bonsai tree or the slopes and vistas of the Blue Ridge Parkway, to evoke a state of nature that is purer than nature itself.

These issues extend far beyond Appalachia, however. Many folklorists and anthropologists these days are grappling with the complex actualities of tourism and its effects on people whose homeplaces and workplaces have become other people's playgrounds and romantic retreats. It is hoped this issue of *Now and Then* will be seen as a meaningful contribution to practical and theoretical discussions of these provocative questions.

In the meantime, if you enjoy what you find here, I hope that you will tell your friends about us and become a Friend of CASS yourself. Your support will help us to keep improving this magazine and to underwrite scholarly, artistic and public service projects that benefit the people of Southern Appalachia. Help us keep growing.

—Richard Blaustein, Director



Randy Ball

Archives of Appalachia

A Brief History of Tourism in Southern Appalachia

Tourism in Southern Appalachia is not a recent phenomenon. Native Americans who traveled to springs to take advantage of the waters' healing powers perhaps can be considered the region's first tourists. Whites in the 18th century also made use of healing waters, and later in the 19th century hotels, spas and bath houses served visitors who sought rest, relaxation and healing. Shortly after the Civil War the tourist and resort business declined, but as railroads penetrated Appalachia and themselves established resorts, the tourist trade boomed from 1890-1920.

The decline of the railroad and the advent of the automobile changed the nature of tourism. Despite the lack of good roads in Southern Appalachia, vacationers jumped in their cars to visit the natural and historic sites in the region. Local entrepreneurs built hotels and campgrounds to accommodate these travelers. The establishment of national and state forests and parks also bolstered tourism in Southern Appalachia.

Tourism has provided much-needed revenue for many areas in the region. The records of the First Tennessee-Virginia Development District reflect the efforts of officials in Tennessee and Virginia to develop tourism in the years form 1967-73. In a similar vein, the records of the Congress of Appalachian Development document attempts to develop water and land resources in Southern Appalachia in 1962. Additional materials in this collection focus on the conservation and recreation potential of the New River Gorge in West Virginia and the Cumberland area of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. These materials also date from 1962.

The Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway Collection documents a different aspect of tourism. From 1967 through 1974 the CC&O ran excursion trains including the Autumn Leaves Special, the Rhododendron Special and the Santa Claus Special. These excursion trains were aimed primarily at the local tourist market to foster interest in regional natural beauty and sites.

The archives also holds materials on some of Southern Appalachia's tourist attractions. The Appalachian vertical files contain information on Asheville, N.C., long a health resort; the now defunct Cloudland Hotel on Roan Mountain, once popular as a resort; and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Other vertical file materials detail and describe the area's national, state and local parks and recreation areas.

The archives needs additional documentation on tourism in Appalachia. To find out how to donate materials to the archives or to obtain more information about the archives, phone 615/929-4338, or write to the archives at Box 22450A, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City TN 37614.

—Norma Myers, Assistant Director for Archives and Special Collections
—Marie Tedesco, Public Service Archivist

The Reece Museum

Bringing Visitors In

Although the audience of the Reece Museum on the grounds of ETSU is primarily the university community and Northeast Tennessee, we have indications from time to time that some of our audience is a result of tourism. The Reece Museum holds membership in the Northeast Tennessee Tourism Council and is listed in several tourism publications both regional and national. Results of these listings are evident in gallery visitations of people who drive the 15 miles from I-81 to visit the Reece Museum after having seen a listing in some publication or at one or more of the visitors centers throughout the state.

Because we feel that tourism does provide an audience, we circulate our newsletters through the visitors centers and we rely on chambers of commerce, tourism councils and our own university relations office, all of whom circulate our materials widely. Work by our university relations staff resulted in an article and four color photographs in *Southern Living* in June 1988.

Tourists have also visited the Reece Museum as a result of publicity given us by local papers of out-of-state artists whose works have been exhibited in our galleries. Probably the best publicity we get is through those same exhibiting artists who say that they have never been treated anywhere else with the respect and hospitality we show them. These same artists usually tell us that their works look better in our galleries than they have looked in other galleries. The publicity we receive from comments such as these has brought tourists to our museum who probably wouldn't have heard of us otherwise. Of course, our accreditation by the American Association of Museums provides an element of publicity which no other vehicle can provide.

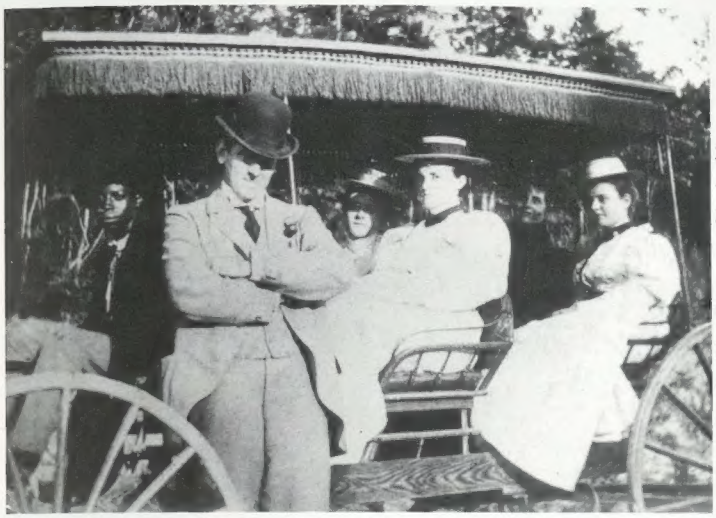
Tourism is certainly a factor in the makeup of our schedules as well as in the makeup of our audience. Sometimes a tourist's visit results in additional contacts for those tourists in their own home regions. For example, several years ago I was contacted by a history instructor in northern Virginia who requested that I present the film, "They Shall Take Up Serpents," along with my comments about my experiences and impressions in assisting with its production, to her high school history class. The instructor had been told about the film by a student who as a tourist through our region, had seen the film at the Reece Museum and had noticed that my name which appeared at the end of the film also was listed in the Reece Museum newsletter as the museum director. Such incidents are not rare; however, they certainly do not happen everyday.

Museums are aware that tourism has wide-reaching effects, some of which are not immediate. It is a vital industry to the museums of America.

—Helen Roseberry, Director

Appalachia
Playground of the rich and famous

The vagabond, when rich, is called a tourist.
—Paul Richard, American writer, 1929



Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives

Guests at Hot Springs, 1900.

Library at Biltmore House, the Vanderbilt estate in Asheville, N.C., now open to the public, 1930.

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NOW AND THEN

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Family and Community

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Guests at Hot Springs, 1900.

Library at Biltmore House, the Vanderbilt estate in Asheville, N.C., now open to the public, 1930.

Southern Highlands Research Center, University of North Carolina-Asheville.

Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N.C., 1921. Left to right: Harvey Firestone, Sr., Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Jr., Dr. E. Wiley Grove, Henry Ford, Fred Seely. Asheville was a resort for the rich and famous. Henry Ford visited year after year, bringing a caravan of cars to see if they could hold up through the trip in the mountains.

Sevier County Tennessee

Tourist Central

Those marketing Gatlinburg and Pigeon Forge in Sevier County know their demographics and rattle them off faster than Sevier County native Dolly Parton can change her wigs. The 38,548 carloads of tourists that pass through on an average July day are mostly white, Protestant, blue collar workers who own their homes. The family spends an average of $575 on a 2.27 day visit. Sevier County is a one-day's drive from two-thirds of the nation's population, a "rubber tire destination." Atlanta, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Bluefield and Spartanburg are target markets since the largest number of tourists come from those cities. Sevier County's major competitors for these tourists are Myrtle Beach and Disney World.

Even before Henry Ford visited here earlier in the century, and long before there was a Great Smoky Mountain National Park, tourists have been exploring the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. When Congress designated the Smokies a national park in 1934, more tourists arrived. At the main entrances to the park, Gatlinburg in Tennessee and Cherokee in North Carolina, modest towns grew up. Some former residents of the land that was now the park, moved down to the entrance areas and began catering to the tourist trade.

Today no place in Appalachia attracts more tourists than the Smoky Mountains. In fact, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is the nation's most visited national park. But there's nothing there but the mountains and trees, blooming rhododendrons nodding above streams, vistas, hiking trails and one winding mountain highway that cuts through. There is no place to buy lunch. There is virtually no place to sleep but the ground. There is no place to buy a soft drink or a souvenir. Most visitors just drive through or maybe stop for a picnic. So unless they are dedicated hikers or horseback riders, most vacationers end up with time on their hands. There are nearly 10 million people coursing through in one year. Living near an entrance to the park, the urge just has to be to sell them something.

Sevier County has figured out how to do that quite well. Gatlinburg and Pigeon Forge, each with small populations (3,000 for Pigeon forge, 3,250 for Gatlinburg) boast approximately 200 motels and other lodging facilities, 20 campgrounds, 175 restaurants, 650 craft, gift and specialty shops plus 157 outlet and factory direct stores, 10 gas stations and 70 attractions.

It is the attractions that have brought fame to the area—or infamy, depending on who is talking about it. Gatlinburg features two scenic ski lifts, the life of Christ portrayed in Christus Gardens, two wax museums including one called Stars Over Gatlinburg, a Ripley's Believe It or Not, Guiness World Records Museum, Putt-Putt Golf Courses and Gatlinburg Wedding Chapels (call 1-800-34MARRY). Pigeon Forge boasts Dolly Parton's theme park Dollywood, the Elvis Presley Museum with "the King's personal possessions" including "Elvis' last limousine," Ogle's Water Park with eight water slides, Carbo's Police Museum, Bonnie Lou and Buster's Hayride Country Show and Dixie Stampede, a dinner theater complete with a wild west show featuring 32 horses. And lots more miniature golf.

Is this the best of places or the worst of places? It was my duty to find out. Naturally, I had to report on Dollywood, which, I'll admit, is my personal favorite attraction in Sevier County. I'm not alone. From the time it became Parton's theme park in 1986 until recently, Dollywood was the most popular attraction in Pigeon Forge. Now the burgeoning outlet malls surpass Dollywood as Pigeon Forge's main attraction, and, hope officials, will make the area a year-round tourist attraction. My report contains a rundown on outlet mall fever and on the new Gatlinburg Convention Center, which is another venture that officials hope will bring in year-round business

I also wanted to see how the Great Smoky Mountains National Park had changed the lives of long-time residents. How do people who grew up in the pristine wilderness of the Smokies feel about living in the fastest-growing county in East Tennessee? (Between 1980 and 1990 the population increased 23.2 percent, from 41,418 to 51,043.)

At the State Library and Archives in Nashville, I had seen pictures from the 1930s and 40s of Wiley Oakley, described in the captions as a famous guide of the Smokies. With the help of Glen Cardwell, the chief ranger at the Sugarlands Visitor's Center in the park, I located two of Oakley's children, Harvey Oakley and Lucinda Ogle. I spent an afternoon with them at Mrs. Ogle's home talking about growing up in the mountains and living in Gatlinburg as it grew into a major tourist town.

Finally, I looked into the economic impact of the tourist industry on residents of the area. I collected information on town and county budgets, educational spending and achievement, and other indicators of quality of life. My conclusions were similar to a report published last year by the Southeast Women's Employment Coalition, *Behind the Glitter,* by Michal Smith, which analyzed the effect of the tourist boom on women

Scourge or Salvation ?

Pigeon Forge Department of Tourism

Pigeon Forge, Tennessee.

in the South using Sevier County as a case study. (see review on page 40).

Overall, this special section on Sevier County is an attempt to show what is happening in the business of tourism in the mountains, to see what works and what doesn't work for the residents of an area as it becomes developed, to see how the tourism industry preserves or destroys a culture, and to describe some of the glories of the area, dubious though they may be.

by
Pat Arnow

Dollywood

Changing the profile of Pigeon Forge

Pigeon Forge used to wait around for those busy summer days when Gatlinburg was so packed with tourists that the overflow filled hotels and motels for miles around. Five miles from the town that billed itself as "The Gateway to the Smokies," Pigeon Forge was Gatlinburg's poor relation.

That's changed, thanks in part to singer Dolly Parton's theme park, Dollywood. Parton bought into this business venture to help her home county. "I can make money doing a lot of things, but the whole dream was to do something to bring honor to my family as well as to my friends and relatives," she told newspapers when she got her plans underway. "Through Dollywood, it's my hope that we can preserve the heritage and lifestyle of the Smokies that gave me my strength, and that we can create jobs and grow in this area, so we can all live better. . . . I'm not just coming back to take; I'm coming back to give."

The area did receive. The year Dollywood opened, 1986, sales tax earnings increased 100 percent from the year before, and revenues in the town of Pigeon Forge exceeded Gatlinburg for the first time. The park business has continued growing. In 1990 a million and a half people visited Dollywood from April to October.

What is the appeal of Dollywood to so many people? And has it helped to improve the lives of the people of Sevier County? The following report comes from two visits to the park as well as interviews with Dollywood's marketing department and other staff members past and present.

Early on a weekday morning the station wagons and campers line up along Dollywood Lane, which used to be called Upper Middle Creek Road. Young parking attendants wave the tourists into a long valley of blacktop surrounded by lush East Tennessee hills. After paying $17.99 plus tax admission for adults, $12.99 for children, families wearing shorts and knit shirts pour into Dollywood's Rivertown Junction, with its restaurant, the "9 to 5 and dime," a model of Dolly Parton's Tennessee mountain home and the Smoky Mountain Rampage, a "whitewater raft" trip down an artificial river in round rubber boats.

This year people are waiting in line for up to a half an hour to ride the newly-installed antique carousel. The other rides, like the bumper cars and log flume, are perfunctory. A family resting in the shade says King's Island right near where they live in Ohio has much better rides. But these folks say they don't mind. They're here to see the crafts and music and the old-timey town with its schoolhouse, church and working grist mill.

It's the quaint image of a lost past that the visitors seek, a way of life that seems preserved and protected in Appalachia. This was the selling point for the tourism industry in the Smokies long before Dolly Parton became interested in a theme park. In Dollywood, the business is conducted with more dignity than is often found along the strip of highway 441 in Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg and Cherokee, N.C., with their souvenir shops hawking feather headdresses, ashtrays and T-shirts.

In Craftsmen's Valley at Dollywood women in long gingham dresses and men in overalls demonstrate, make and sell brooms, cornmeal, glassware, baskets, quilts, wrought iron objects and soap. Most of the crafts are well made, though not necessarily Appalachian in style or heritage.

In the grist mill, a large wooden structure built to accommodate hundred-year-old stone grinders, a man in his 60s, Denzil Proffitt, explains the operation and also points out some of the carpentry work he did. He grew up nearby, he says, and has been a carpenter most of his life. As a band prepares to play, eliciting audience participation to help on the washboard and washtub bass, Proffitt stands outside the grist mill watching. "They're playing music all the time here," he says. He doesn't just mean the Dolly Parton songs pouring from loud-speakers all over the park, either. Live music is one of the park's greatest appeals. Visitors such as Norma Burgess, a Veterans Administration secretary in Johnson City, 90 miles away, buys season tickets every year and may visit the park more than a dozen times in a season. Her husband Guy and her 81-year-old mother are also season ticket holders. "To me it's a fun place," explains Burgess. "There's lots of good country singers down there."

Ten music stages at Dollywood featuring country, gospel, bluegrass and a 50s and 60s musical review. Every night the place closes with a Jamboree. "It's a Broadway production," says Burgess, with "young boys and girls who do clogging and a comedian. They put on a real good musical variety show."

Live music isn't new to the park—and neither is much else, complains a family from Oklahoma. It's just like the Silver Dollar City they visited in Missouri, they say.

In 1985, Dollywood *was* a Silver Dollar City, a successful 400-acre theme park owned by Herschend Enterprises of Missouri. When Dolly Parton joined the company, the park became Dollywood, "A Silver Dollar City Theme Park." And after Dolly Parton appeared before the City Council asking for improvements, the venture received three million dollars

J. R. Raybourn

Dolly Parton

from the state and city for improvements of roads, sewer and water. But the Oklahoma family is right; the park hasn't changed that much. Well, there is the museum here, the family acknowledges. And they agree that they do like that.

The museum is one of the most popular attractions in the park, says Dan Rohman, Dollywood's director of marketing. It's about the only chance most visitors are going to have to get to know Dolly Parton; the singer herself lives in Nashville and only visits the grounds some three times during the season.

Norma Burgess waited in line for an hour on opening day 1987 to see Parton pop out of a giant wooden cake for the first anniversary celebration. "My first impression was, 'My God, you're a life-size Barbie doll,' but when the woman opened her mouth, she sounded like the girl next door."

Parton has left her mementos in a wooden Victorian-style building rising above the model of a mine made out of artificial rocks. "There's more than 2,000 separate items, all personal things that belong to Dolly herself or to her family," says Rohman. "So many things, so well loved. People are so enthralled by it that we can't get them out." Realizing that might sound a little hard-boiled, he explains that the museum wasn't really designed for people to stay as long as they do, to pore so carefully over each of the exhibits and to watch the six video-tapes so closely.

"Welcome to 'Rags to Riches,' the Dolly Parton Story." The crowd that has been waiting in a quiet line for nearly half an hour gathers around a painting of a girl with short curly hair playing a guitar with images of a glittery future above her head. Beneath this rendering of "Dolly's Dream" by Lew Stamm is his statement, "To those who think their dreams are unreachable, Dolly Parton should be a great inspiration. Dolly's faith in her own dream brought her from a very poor childhood to the bright star she is today..."

On a video screen Parton welcomes the visitors. "I really have gone from rags to riches. I almost feel like Cinderella." The first exhibit is a diorama of the mountain shack where Dolly Parton was born. The walls are papered with newspaper. Imbedded in the old wood ceiling with its paint peeling are spotlights trained on the simple objects inside.

The next video features the complete version of Parton's first recorded song, "Puppy Love," made when she was 10 years old. There are also tributes from the stars, one right after another, telling how Dolly is so disarming, conscientious, talented. As each one comes on, one visitor or another whispers the name, "Oh! Kenny Rogers!" "Mac Davis!" "Emmy Lou Harris." "Burt Reynolds." Now Jane Fonda is talking, and a woman says, "Well, who is that?" No one tells her. The video screen starts flashing with one magazine cover featuring the star. The crowd shuffles on.

In glass cases are Parton's school year books, snapshots of her family (though not her husband Carl Dean), and, even bigger, two portraits of her dogs. The coat of many colors, the coat made of scraps that inspired one of Parton's biggest hits, is the most popular item here, says Dan Rohman. It's not the original, he admits. That coat was worn to death by Dolly and her sisters, he says.

The displays become lavish with headless armless mannequins wearing Parton's costumes, each outfit fancier than the last, from a little crocheted dress, to a grey leather fringed suit, to a red sequined gown. Yes, the mannequins are the right size and shape to fit the gowns. This is the only place in the park where images of the famous cleavage can be found. Or, surprisingly, Dolly Parton's face. The souvenir mugs, T-shirts and parasols are decorated with the Dollywood logo—butterflies.

But there is plenty of Parton in "Rags to Riches." A movie marquee flashes above videos of scenes from her films. Gold records line one case and the words to her hit song "9 to 5," handwritten on yellow lined paper, are framed and under glass.

This may seem like the height of egoism, but it's not unprecedented. There's Minnie Pearl's museum, Ferlin Husky's Wings of a Dove Museum, Barbara Mandrell Country and Twitty City. Lots of country singers are making a big deal out of themselves and making some cash, too. In Dolly Parton's case, she brought it back to the place where she was born, and that has helped bring to Pigeon Forge as great a change as the one between the picture of the curly-headed high school girl with her guitar and the glittery bewigged and made up Dolly Parton.

But besides creating a boom in motels, stores and traffic, has Dollywood helped improve the lives of the citizens of Pigeon Forge, as was the stated intention of Dolly Parton?

When Dollywood was still Silver Dollar City, employees liked it. Whole families sometimes had summer jobs there. The permanent staff was drawn from the seasonal staff. Promotions came

from inside the ranks. In fact, the general manager, Ken Bell, started at Silver Dollar City as a parking lot attendant.

When the park became Dollywood, employees were even happier. Most of the old staff was retained and given raises, according to Rohman. While the majority of the work was menial, there were also skilled craftspeople and musicians who were paid well and regularly, at least during the season. One long-time Dollywood craftsman, a Seiver County native, who works six to seven months a year with a fair amount of overtime said he made between $12,000 and $13,000. He was not complaining. In fact, he said, "This is an easy job."

In 1986 Dollywood had more than 1200 employees, 600 more than Silver Dollar City had. There were 120 year-round employees who received benefits including profit sharing and health insurance. At that time Dollywood was known as the best place in the area to work because of decent wages and pleasant working conditions. One employee said, in a tone of some satisfaction, that organizing a union had not ever been tried, and she didn't expect it would be, either.

Today, reports Barbara Headla in Dollywood's publicity department, 1,400 people work during the peak of the season, and 250 are 12-month employees. Dollywood is Pigeon Forge's largest employer in the summertime.

But the loyalty, optimism and morale have been deteriorating in the past few years. "It's not quite the same park," reports one long-time 12-month employee whose job was recently "eliminated." "Morale was in the basement when I left," she reports.

Wages for seasonal jobs are not keeping pace with other jobs. Last summer, new employees made $4.25 an hour, says Headla. The outlet malls pay $5.00 an hour, reports the woman whose job was eliminated. "It affected the quality of people who worked there."

The crafts program, which used to be the heart of the park, has also deteriorated, according to insiders. "There used to be a lot of emphasis placed on crafts, but they've eliminated a lot of the craftsmen," says David Boyd, who spent two summers making instruments in the dulcimer shop. In 1990 the park hired 13 fewer crafts positions than the previous year. Barbara Headla would not say if newer craftspeople were paid more than other summer employees.

Craftsmanship is suffering, too. One insider reports, "They hired a radio announcer, had him take a two-week course in Missouri to learn the craft, but he never really completed a basket. It upset the craftsmen because he was saying things that weren't true about basket-making. They hired him as a showman—making a dollar more an hour than the real basketmaker."

Boyd concurs that the atmosphere changed. "They don't take care of employees the way they'd like you to think. They'd like you to think it's one big family." He remembers a small, but illustrative, example: "The first year I was there, they had a 'host hide-away' with a microwave and free Gatorade, and the next year, someone stole the microwave, and they didn't replace it, and they didn't have free Gatorade."

Former employees don't point the finger to Dolly Parton. "I can't blame it on Dolly. I don't think she knows what's going on," says the "eliminated" worker. She doesn't think Parton would want to "use her clout to help each and every employee," and she is not interested in bothering the singer with her troubles.

Parton might not be particularly focused on the authenticity of the crafts, either. One observer noted that in one national advertisement for the area, Parton was holding an Oriental basket in her hands.

Even with its growing problems (which are reportedly paralleled in the Silver Dollar City in Missouri), Dollywood's popularity keeps growing. The park was open a month at Christmastime in 1990, affording more employment for area residents. But even with Christmastime employment, times are not easy for those who try to make a living working at the park. "It was a good summer job, but I feel sorry for the people who depend on it for their livelihood," says David Boyd.

Though Dollywood may not be contributing to substantial improvement in the lives of Sevier Countians, the singer has made a commitment to the improvement of her home county. She has instituted a program to encourage area students to finish high school. Through a buddy system, students pair up and encourage each other to continue school through graduation. If both do, they receive $1,000 from the Dollywood Foundation. All students in Sevier County schools are eligible, and the foundation also grants college scholarships to all Sevier County high schools.

There is no question of Parton's sincerity in wishing to help preserve the culture of the region and improve Sevier County. But after its first four seasons, Dollywood has not proved to be the vehicle for the positive change.

Tennessee
Mountain Home
THESE MOUNTAINS AND MY CHILDHOOD HOME HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART.
THEY INSPIRE MY MUSIC AND MY LIFE. I HOPE BEING HERE DOES THE SAME FOR YOU!
Dolly

Pat Arnow

Tourists line up at Dollywood to visit a replica of Dolly Parton's childhood home.

The year-round dream

The Great Indoors by the Smokies:

Outlet Malls and a Convention Center

Both Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg have hopes of turning their areas into year-round tourist meccas. In Pigeon Forge the outlet malls are the draw, and in Gatlinburg, the city is hoping the new convention center will bring in the business. So far in Gatlinburg, there is more promise than substance. But the factory outlets in Pigeon Forge are succeeding in bringing in some winter visitors and dollars.

When the first factory outlets opened in Pigeon Forge in 1982, the phenomenon of outlet malls had just begun, and no one expected the response. Shoppers flocked to Factory Merchants. Shortly after, Z Buda Outlets opened, and two years ago, Tanger and Belz.

"Discover the Great Indoors," headlines a brochure for the 66 stores at Belz. "There's a bargain going on every day." Bargains—and variety—are the draw to the more than 150 stores in the four malls with stores like the Fuller Brush Factory Outlet, Just About Perfect Slacks & More, Just My Size Factory Outlet, Toy Liquidators, Maidenform and Panasonic World.

In July 1990 the outlet malls brought in $9 million. All the Pigeon Forge amusements combined, including Dollywood, brought in $7 million that month.

Kay Powell of the Pigeon Forge Department of Tourism readily admits that the development of outlet malls as a major attraction was completely unplanned. No marketing study examined its feasilbility; no planners put forth the idea to the city. But the outlet malls have allowed Pigeon Forge to exceed its wildest expectations for itself. It is now a tourist destination. Shoppers drive for hours to shop at the outlet malls, the largest in the Southeast, according to Powell.

Gatlinburg did develop a marketing strategy for attracting year-round business, a 188,000 square foot convention center that opened in September 1989. Jim Harvey, the center's director of sales and marketing, extolls its virtues: "It's a complete state of the art facility. It has a 67,000 square foot main floor with unlimited load space that will accommodate 351 10' by 10' exhibits all on 30 foot centers. This hall breaks down into three separate rooms, and there are 25 breakout rooms." It can accomodate an audience of 5,000 and can feed 2,500 at once. It has a full time staff of 24.

The convention center was an expensive project. In the administrative area, a conference room is decorated with a cherry table and a scale model of the center and area around it. "The model alone cost 80 grand," says Harvey. The $20 million for the total project was financed by a city bond issue in 1988, and debt service is being paid with sales tax revenues. If the center doesn't ever turn a profit, it will be sales tax revenues that will pay for it. "Of course it's a gamble," says Harvey. "That's why you have to come in and hire professionals." Harvey is a professional. A native of Philadelphia, he spent 10 years with Hyatt. He's optimistic. This year, he says, there will be 12 trade shows and concerts with singers such as Conway Twitty.

A drawback for sales is that the center must try to bring in conventions that attract overnight visitors because of the shortage of short-term parking in Gatlinburg. (There is a parking place for every hotel and motel room in the town.) But Harvey thinks there is a niche the center will fill. "In national terms, this is a small center. There are massive shows in major cities. There's no place for small shows to go."

This year national and regional shows will include ones for food wholesalers, oil equipment, an apparel market, a jewelry show and a gift show.

Sales representatives use the telephone to sell use of the center. Some area residents might be surprised and maybe upset at Harvey's ideas for Gatlinburg and its residents to become more appealing to this national audience. "We need to be able to call up a guy in Washington and sound professional. The guy in Washington has 50 meetings he's got to place, and he'll go with anyone who can do it. If our sales rep calls up and says, (imitating a mountain accent,) 'Hey, you got any meetin's?', the guy'll say, 'uh, no.' We've got to start selling Sevier County. We've got to get these hillbillies speaking English, to start speaking the lingo (of the rest of the country). There's nothing wrong with roots, but it's time to change, time to pick up the pace." He believes that the town needs to make a concerted effort to become more upscale. "Someday this town will look like a Swiss Village. They're going to put the power lines underground, and new signs have (size) limits." He would like to see an upscale hotel chain like Hyatt locate here. "We need another major player. We will be a 12-month city in the very near future."

Sevier Statistics

Is the Boom a Bust?

Pigeon Forge Department of Tourism

Blacksmith Charlie Fuller practices the trade that gave Pigeon Forge, Tenn. its name at the site of the city's original forge.

Has the booming tourism industry helped improve the lives of the residents of Sevier County?

Unquestionably yes. Other rural mountain counties in Tennessee have lower per capita incomes, higher unemployment rates, less money for education and recreation. But the picture for Sevier County is not exactly dazzling. Tourism as the county's major industry—in fact, almost sole industry—has not ensured prosperity for most residents. Examining the county's business environment and some vital statistics gives a picture of a place that was handed a mixed blessing when it became the entranceway to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Plenty of dollars find their way into Sevier County, $520 million in 1988. Unfortunately, when a business is owned by outside investors, plenty of dollars spent in the county find their way somewhere else. Though in Gatlinburg and Pigeon Forge a fair number of motels, restaurants and attractions are locally owned, most of the moderately priced chain restaurants and motels are also represented, meaning that some profits leave the community. The biggest money makers in Pigeon Forge—three of the largest outlet malls and Dollywood—are not locally owned.

All businesses do generate tax dollars. The county collected an impressive $42 million in sales tax in the last

fiscal year (July 1989 through June 1990). Both Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg enjoy a unique designation from the state legislature of "premier resort areas," which means they receive back from the state approximately four times more sales tax revenue than other towns of their size. Portions of sales tax revenues are usually distributed back to counties based on population, but these lightly populated tourist towns must support police, sanitation and other services equal to that of much larger towns.

Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg also collect local sales taxes, room occupancy taxes and amusement taxes. Pigeon Forge, a town of some 3,000 residents, expects to collect almost $5.4 million in these taxes this fiscal year. With the $2.4 million in state sales tax revenues (their share of their total state sales tax collection), their "tourist tax" revenues will come to nearly $8 million. With other revenues including $3.5 million in water/sewer funds, the budget for this year comes to almost $13 million. Gatlinburg, with its 3,250 residents, has a budget of approximately $21 million for the current year. By comparison, Johnson City, a fairly prosperous city of 49,000 (not much less than the entire population of Sevier County) in East Tennessee, took in $11.5 million in state and local sales tax last year and has a total budget of $24.4 not including education.

Schools are not included in these budgets; Sevier County's $23.4 million school budget takes care of the county's nearly 9,000 students. In Johnson City schools cost $18 million for the city's 5,400 pupils.

Unlike most towns, Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg rely on "tourist tax" revenues more than property taxes to run the city services. Both business and residential property tax rates are the lowest in East Tennessee (which is already known for its low property taxes). But property values have skyrocketed in Sevier County, as reflected in an assessment completed last year. The assessor's office says that along Highway 441, values have increased 300 to 600 percent. On the average, however, property had been assessed at 55 percent of market value, so the reassessment could cause a considerable tax burden. But the tax rate has been reduced. A $50,000 house in Pigeon Forge that would have cost $275 per year in taxes before the reappraisal would now, on average, be assessed at $70,000, but only cost $235. In Johnson City, city and county property taxes on a house valued at $50,000 would be $710 per year.

A fair chunk of the tourist towns' budgets go for services for tourists: water/sewer, police, fire, debt service on Gatlinburg's new $20 million convention center and on promoting tourism. In Pigeon Forge, the department of tourism budget is $1.5 million, and in Gatlinburg, it is more than $1.1 million. There are benefits for residents. In Gatlinburg, all of the liquor tax supplements the Pi Beta Phi elementary school with a computer lab that is reported to be the best in the state. Gatlinburg also spends $1 million on recreation for residents plus supporting a municipal golf course.

But residents of Sevier County do not derive lavish benefits from city and county services. The school system overall, always a major expenditure of local tax dollars, is not exceptional in the Tennessee system. Per capita spending per pupil was $2,966 in Sevier County in 1988-89. Its much poorer neighbor, Cocke County, spent almost as much, $2,895. The state average was $3,304. The national average was $4,607. On national standardized tests, Sevier County students scored in the average range, as did their Cocke County neighbors. Both were very similar to the state averages. Dropout rates were also similar in the two counties, with both exceeding the state average of 24.7 by a few percentage points. (The dropout rate is an approximation because it includes deaths and transfers.) Teacher salaries have been improving steadily in Sevier County in the past few years, averaging $25,147 in 1988-89. The state average was more however—$26,756. The national average was $31,166. But Sevier County teachers fare much better than those in Cocke County, where the average teacher made only $21,932 last year (except in Newport, Cocke County's major town, average teacher's salaries are about the same as in Sevier County).

Public libraries do not fare well. There are only two libraries in Sevier County, a small one in Gatlinburg and the Sevierville Library, which serves the whole county. The national level of local support for libraries is $12.63 per person per year. But in Sevier County the level was $3.38 per person. In Johnson City, the level of support is $8.11.

Residents of Sevier County do not derive great benefit from tourist dollars in their wages, either. The average income in Sevier County in 1988 was $11,126. The national average was $16,444. While income was, on the average, lower than Tennessee's more urban areas, (in nearby Knox County, with the city of Knoxville at its core, the average is $14,292) it was quite a bit higher than its rural counterparts. In Cocke County, which is, like Sevier County, a rural mountainous area near the Smokies, but without a tourist industry, the average income was $8,431. (And much of the employment in Cocke County is derived from residents who travel to Sevier County to work in tourism.) The seasonal nature of the tourism industry is a painful fact of life for Sevier County. While the unemployment rate was only 4.2 percent in August 1990, it was 17.5 percent in February 1990. In most seasonal work benefits, such as health insurance, sick leave or vacation are not offered.

So, while the tourism industry has indeed boomed for some businesses in Sevier County, most of the residents of the county are reaping few of the rewards. Instead they must endure the erosion of their quality of life with masses of traffic, noise and people, while working at difficult seasonal jobs for low wages, few benefits, little security, not many increased educational opportunities for their children and city and county services geared mostly to tourists rather than their own needs. Yet, for a rural Tennessee county, Sevier County is relatively well off.

Thanks for information and cooperation in preparing this section to the many people at state agencies, city governments and departments of tourism in Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg, Sevier County and Johnson City and the residents and employees in Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg. And thanks as always to the knowledgeable and patient reference librarians at East Tennessee State University and the Johnson City Public Library.

Pat Arnow wrote about Dollywood's first year for the Pacific News Service.

Lucinda Ogle & Harvey Oakley

Children of Tourism

Wiley Oakley, a young man living in the Smokies at the turn of the century, led the life of a typical mountaineer of his times. When he married in 1906 and moved to a cabin on Scratch Britches Mountain, he provided for his new bride by hunting, fishing and running a small farm.

But the Smokies were becoming known as a place to visit. At times Oakley worked as a guide. Showing tourists the sights took more of his time over the years. Glen Cardwell, who lived in the Smokies as a child and is now chief ranger at the Sugarlands Visitor's Center of Great Smoky Mountains National Park, says, "He'd want to know, 'What do you want to do? Do you want to hunt, fish, climb Mount LeConte?' 'No, let's go visit some mountain hillbillies.' He just took advantage of that and visited his mountain kinfolks. That's why I grew up with tourists on our front porch and Wiley Oakley sitting in the back talking to my father."

When the Smokies became a national park, the Oakley family was forced to move to Gatlinburg where Rebecca Ann, Wiley's wife, opened a gift shop, the Wiley Shop. Oakley continued his guiding, becoming a well-known, colorful character. Cardwell says "He was a humorist, a kind of Will Rogers of the Smokies." He guided well-known people of the time as well as naturalists and botanists. Oakley learned from the botanists as much as the botanists learned from him. What Oakley didn't know, he invented, including the names of some flora, which have stuck, including "Hearts a bustin' with love" and "Dolls' eyes."

Many of Oakley's 12 children and some of his grandchildren have made a livelihood from the tourist trade, either directly or indirectly. Two of Oakley's children, Lucinda Ogle and Harvey Oakley, both lifelong residents of Gatlinburg, told me how they grew up in Gatlinburg as Gatlinburg grew up with them.

It was hard to catch up with this sister and brother. Though both are retired, they are active in the community. I located Harvey Oakley at the Food City in Pigeon Forge, where he was bell ringing for the Salvation Army every day before Christmas. We arranged to meet the next day at a banquet for special children sponsored by his church, after which he led me the short distance to his eldest sister's house.

Lucinda Ogle, a widow, lives by herself in a large, attractive cabin in a residential area of Gatlinburg. Birds were flocking to her feeders, and her garden was neatly put to bed for the winter. The Christmas tree in the corner of her living room held her homemade cloth angels, redbirds and strings of popcorn.

She and Harvey reminisced, laughing often in appreciation of each other's stories, and disagreeing in a friendly way about the details of their memories of their father's tall tales (at the end of which they'd give a little yodel, indicating "You don't have to believe it unless you want to"). They were also willing to discuss the profound effect the tourism industry had on their lives.

Now & Then: Was your dad a guide when you were young?

Harvey Oakley: He was a guide before I was born. He guided before there was even a Smoky Mountains National Park. We lived up there at the foot of Mount LeConte.

I can remember when Roosevelt came and dedicated the park. We was down there at the Mountain View hotel, and Roosevelt drove up. Maggie Parton had woven a dress for Mrs. Roosevelt, and somebody said he was going to stop there at Arthur Ogle's barber shop. Us kids was all standing out there. Roosevelt drove up with that car with the top laid down. He was waiting on Maggie to meet him there. There was a big crowd of us waiting there to see him. This woman said, "Mr. Roosevelt," and stuck out her hand, and the FBI man just pushed her arm away and walked between her and Roosevelt. There's a man jumped up on the barbershop (roof) to take his picture, and the FBI just

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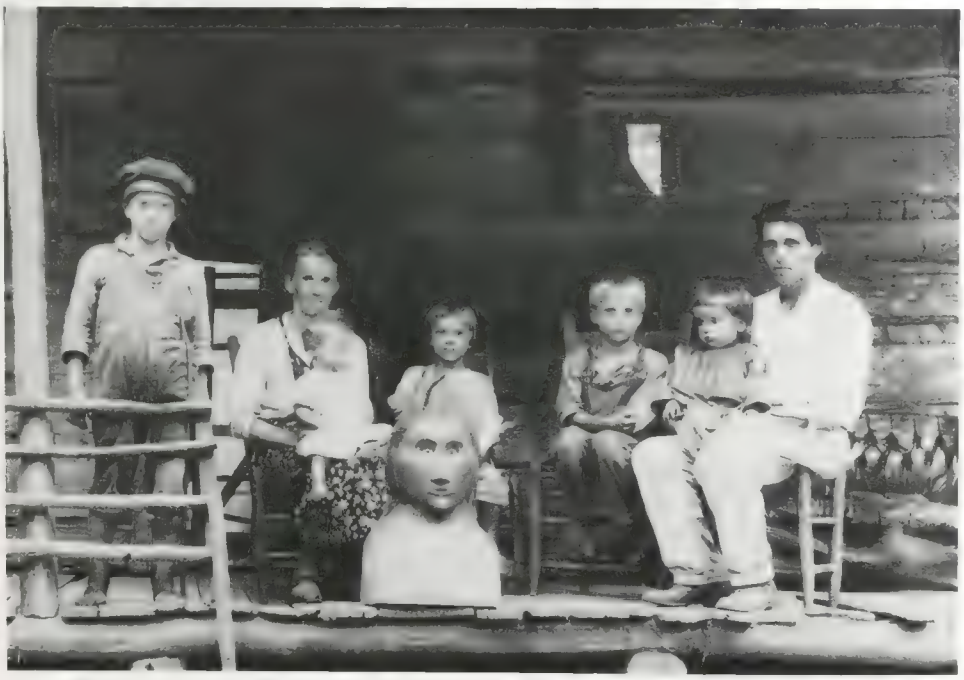

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Some of the Oakley family about 1919. Left to right: Orville, Rebecca Ann (Mrs. Oakley), Rubin, Katherine, Harvey, Charles, and Wiley Oakley. Photo by Laura Thornbouruogh.

A Roadside Attraction

from *The Smoky Mountain Black Bear: Spirit of the Hills* by Jeff Rennicke

Tennessee State Library and Archives

"Bear Jam," April 1955.

At a turn-out on the Clingmans Dome Road in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park a crowd stood in small groups admiring the view. Behind them a bear stepped out of the brush. It was "Sadie," who was often seen along roadsides, a female with a crooked nose and a habit of rushing anyone with a camera. That day, however, she seemed tense.

As she moved onto the highway, she uttered a low "woof," and out stepped four cubs, one after the other. The crowd broke into spontaneous applause, startling the nervous sow. But the cubs, oblivious to the noise, were already feasting on the cookies and candy being tossed their way.

The image is one burned into the collective memory of America—a bear struggling to lick peanut butter from a jar or sprawled across a picnic table at a campsite. The scene has graced the covers of national magazines, the pages of newspapers and scores of postcards. To many, this is the bear of the Smokies.

But, unlike the famous "Lunch Counter for Bears Only" or the garbage dumps with bleachers once found at Yellowstone, Smokies officials have never had animal exhibitions for visitors. From the start, the National Park Service has attempted to head off the image of the bear as a roadside attraction. As early as 1938, they issued a statement saying, in part, that ". . . the authorities of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park positively will not lower the prestige of this marvelous wilderness area by being plagued by a number of dangerous, overstuffed tourist bears."

Unfortunately, from the first days of the park, bears and humans were on a collision course. Bears are intelligent, opportunistic feeders. With just a few months to lay on fat for denning, they must seek out concentrated sources of food. The natural abundance of the park offers all that a wild bear needs, but the garbage cans, picnic lunches and backpacks of the nine million annual visitors represent an easy target. As the visitor moved into the park, some of the bears moved out of the woods headed for the roadsides, campgrounds and picnic areas. A star was born.

In most places, bears live solitary, unrecorded lives. The bears of Great Smoky Mountains National Park have sparked a kind of American love affair. Visitors remember bears seen along the roadsides as if they were old friends—Diana the Dimwit, brown-eyed and gentle, Old Tom, a deaf, gray-haired bear that would walk in the road backing up traffic and trail the interpretive hike to Alum Cave to keep stragglers from

falling behind. There was Roscoe, Scarface and Clawfoot, a bear with the unfortunate habit of nipping women in the backside.

Sit long enough around the campfire and the bear stories will begin. They are as much a part of the park as the historic cabins or the red-cheeked salamander, the latter being found only in these mountains. A few of the stories are verified in the Incident Report files; some are just heard somewhere and retold, growing a bit each time. True or not, they are an important part of the lore of the Smoky Mountains.

Many of the stories are set in the campgrounds. A woman at Smokemont, determined to get pictures with her new telephoto lens, walked up close to a bear that had wandered into camp. Slowly raising the camera to her eye, the sudden magnified image of the bear startled her into a run, straight into a tree, knocking her unconscious. The bear ambled up for a closer look. When she came to, an onlooker showed her a Polaroid picture of the bear standing over her. The woman fainted again, out cold for a second time.

In another Smokemont story, a woman in a tent woke to the strange sensation of a bear licking the cold cream off her face.

At Elkmont, the story is told of the tired groom spending a honeymoon night at the campground. In the middle of the night he repeatedly kicked what he thought was his wife making passes at him, too exhausted to consider another romantic interlude. It was not until he kicked too hard and felt a bear bite him in the shin that he realized his wife was still in fact asleep beside him.

The family car has sparked many great bear stories. Bears along the road will back traffic up for miles in what the rangers call "bear jams." As many as eight bear jams have been reported in the park at the same time. Once, in a bear jam on a steep section of Newfound Gap Road, a man jumped from his car and began taking pictures. Behind him, his car which had been left without its parking brake engaged, rolled silently back down the mountain. Intent on picture-taking, the man only glanced around when he heard the crash of a car tumbling off the embankment.

In the rush to see the park, visitors too often ignore advice to store food in the trunk. Each year thousands of dollars of damage is done to cars by bears searching for food. Some become experts at breaking and entering. A bear that became known as "Old Volkswagen," once discovered a car of that make with a seat full of fried chicken. For years afterward he would prowl parking lots smashing windows and tearing open doors on cars, each one a Volkswagen.

Even the trunk may not be safe. Two men using their car as a trap lured a small bear into a trunk with a trail of cookies. They then slammed the lid and drove off, figuring to sell the bear to a wildlife exhibit. Before they got to the park boundary they noticed chunks of material flying through the air. The bear was digging out through the back seat. They jumped out, trapping the bear inside, and ran off. A puzzled ranger came across the bear locked inside the car. He opened the door and the bear calmly strolled back into the woods.

The backcountry has its own set of bear tales. In the early days, bears were most often seen along the roads. But, a 250 percent increase in backcountry use between 1963 and 1975 brought many of the same problems of garbage and bear feeding to the trails. Bear stories began turning up there as well.

Most backpacker hang their food in trees in an attempt to keep it safe from bears. Against most bears, the trick works. At a backcountry site along Deep Creek, however, one bear discovered a unique way to get around this problem. Late, when all was quiet, the bear would climb above the packs and leap, crashing down out of the darkness to rip the packs from the ropes. By the time the startled campers found their flashlights, the bear and their packs were gone. The daring technique earned the bear a nickname, the Midnight Bomber.

Other backcountry bears used more forthright methods. Sheba, a famous bear around Mount LeConte, used her size to intimidate hikers. She would bluff charge, rushing towards the hikers. When they dropped their packs to run, she would snatch the baggage and head for the woods. Over the years, between 20 and 30 packs attributed to Sheba's tactics were found in the forest.

For every sighting of a bear in the park there is a story. You hear them at the visitor center, at overlooks, on the trail. Most of them are simple tales, a bear sighted on a roadway or ambling among the picnic tables. Millions of people have gotten their first glimpse of a bear in this way. It is a sight few of them will forget.

The Smoky Mountain Black Bear: Spirit of the Hills *will be published in May 1991 by Great Smoky Mountains Natural History Association. The price is expected to be less than $10. If you would like to reserve a copy, contact the Natural History Association at Rt. 2, Box 572 B, Gatlinburg, TN 37738, (615) 436-7318.*

Meredith Sue Willis

To Speak Well of the Dead

I couldn't get over the feeling that Brad Aikens' funeral was a picnic. We had borrowed a car; we had chicken and sprout sandwiches on whole wheat and two liters of Diet Pepsi. We were cutting classes, and I had Barbara to myself. She was more somber than I in her dark suit with her thick hair knotted at the nape of her neck, but Brad had been her friend more than mine, although she stopped seeing him, too, just like everyone else. He spent his last days in public places, drinking, smoking, and sniffing in total defiance of all University and town regulations. He killed himself by jumping off a fire escape, and a couple of students leaving a bar found him at least six and maybe twelve hours later. Barbara said she couldn't stop imagining the details.

We drove south on the interstate that morning through mountains dun-colored with the muddy trunks of trees. I said, "Maybe Brad's problem was that he started to fade out. I can't remember what he looked like. I mean, it's like he was transparent: nobody noticed, no matter what outrageous thing he did."

Barbara turned her face away from the steering wheel for a second, and I saw that she hadn't worn lipstick, but she had more eye make-up than usual. "This may be profound," she said, and I warmed at the compliment.

Barbara was from Queens, New York, and she kept saying she couldn't believe she was going to college in Appalachia. She said we should transfer out, the two of us together, and be roommates somewhere else. When I mentioned this idea to my parents, they began mailing me articles clipped from *USA Today* about urban crime.

Brad's home town was Viola, which was just up the river from mine, a town we used to play in football. "It amazes me," I told Barbara, "that a person like Brad could come from a town like Viola."

Barbara changed lanes to avoid a semi that was crawling up the hill, and as she did, something slid out from under the seat and picked my stocking. I reached down and pulled up a hiking boot with two inch soles and a fuzzy plaid liner.

She said, "If the car breaks down, I don't want to have to hike out of here in high-heeled pumps."

"We aren't going to the Arctic tundra, Barbara. There'll be phone booths and maybe even gas stations and grocery stores. I heard they were getting a Pizza Hut in the Interior too."

She called everything the Interior except the University, where at least, said Barbara, you could find the odd chamber concert, although the emphasis should be on the o*dd*. Sometimes she would stare for a long time and then exclaim how amazing it was that a person like me could come from a place like this, and sometimes I was deeply flattered, and sometimes—or even at the same time—I wanted to slap her face.

I told her when to get off the Interstate, navigating without a map. The last few miles were through farmland and woods.

"Lookit—" she said suddenly, "Did you see all those crosses?"

There were three of them: two blue, and one orange, or maybe it was meant to be gold. They were ten or twelve feet high, sitting in the middle of a field with some black angus steers moseying around their bases. "It's the crucifixion, " I said.

"I figured that out. But why are there three of them?"

"The one in the middle is for Jesus, and others are the two thieves."

"What thieves?"

"The thieves who got crucified with him. The one who went to heaven and the one who didn't."

"*Three* crosses? I never knew there were *three* crosses. How come they've got them on that farm?"

"There's this guy who puts them up. He has an idea to put them coast to coast, so you're never out of sight of them."

Barbara started to frown. "Isn't it illegal to put religious symbols up in public places? There was this thing about nativity scenes in some town in New England."

"I suppose he gets permission from the farmer, and the farmer can put what he wants on his own field."

"But everyone has to look at it. It's like an establishment of religion."

". . . nobody in my family died, except my uncle, and my parents didn't tell me until the funeral was over. If they hadn't been so afraid of traumatizing me, I wouldn't be so traumatized."

"It seems sort of tacky."

"Tacky!" said Barbara. "I'd say it's worse than tacky. I'd say it's shoving your religion down other people's throats."

"Nobody complains. Not here, everyone's some kind of Christian."

"Great. Thanks a lot. I feel real welcome. Maybe I'll just send them my name and address in case they need a lawn to burn a cross on." She hit the brakes and swerved onto the shoulder, which was very narrow at the point, and almost dropped us into a ditch. The engine died, and I found myself gazing at a length of barbed wire.

I tried to speak quietly. "Barbara, it's just one guy—"

"There's never just one guy. They always have an organization. I bet it's the Klan or the Aryan Nation or something. If they knew I was Jewish, they'd probably string me up. On one of the crosses."

"Barbara!"

"I mean it! I'm not joking."

"They just—I don't know—they believe in trying to convince other people to believe what they do."

"Right, it's called a pogrom. Where are those cigarettes?" We had found a pack in the glove box of the borrowed car. "And don't say anything about me smoking, I know they aren't good for you."

"Maybe I'll have one too."

"Not you." She snatched the pack away and shoved it into the pocket on the car without taking one herself. "I don't want to be responsible for you getting cancer in twenty years."

We were very health conscious, rejecting red meat in the cafeteria, peeling our fruit. We had talked at some length about whether to bring the no-caffeine or regular Diet Pepsi. She sighed. "Are they going to shove a lot of religion down my throat at this funeral too? Are they going to say how Brad is having a big party up in Heaven? I couldn't take that, because Brad's got a lot to do with hell and not much with heaven."

"Methodists are generally pretty calm these days."

"They'd better be. I don't want to see crosses everywhere."

"It's a church, Barbara."

"Oh, you know what I mean. This whole thing is spacing me. Why didn't they just stuff him in the ground? Or cremate him. Why do they have funerals anyhow?"

"It finishes things off. It makes it all seem connected. I don't know. You're the one who insisted on coming."

"I've never been to a funeral, you know."

"You were never at a funeral? I thought you said it was so important to go to a funeral if someone you know dies."

"It is important, but my parents always sent me to someone's house to play. And recently, nobody in my family died, except my uncle, and my parents didn't tell me until the funeral was over. If they hadn't been so afraid of traumatizing me, I wouldn't be so traumatized."

By the time we found the church, parked, squared our shoulders and slipped into a back pew, the minister was already talking about a young boy who used to do chores for widows. He walked their dogs, said the pastor, and cut their grass, and never took a penny, just acted out of his fine good nature.

I glanced at Barbara to see how she was taking it. I supposed what he said could be true. Barbara was looking up at the ceiling which was painted peach between dark rafters. Down front there were spears of gladioli and the polished oak of the closed casket. I didn't know of anything unkind about Brad. When he got crazy, he didn't torture cats or molest little girls. I could picture him with a dog, part hound, who leaped and yipped in happiness to be out-of-doors. I had a rush of nostalgia for the life Brad had given up: the dog, the opportunity to live, to go to other people's funerals.

It had been a long time since I'd sat comfortably in a church with my mind drifting. I had stopped going to church my junior year in high school. The minister ended now before I was ready. They sang, "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds," and men in dark suits carried the casket up the aisle.

Barbara grabbed my arm. "He's in that box, isn't he?"

"What did you think was in the casket? You lucked out he was a Methodist. Up in the real mountains they preach over an open casket—"

"Stop. I don't want to think about it."

Before leaving, most of the people were going over to a woman under the windows on the far side. Back-lighting from the colored glass windows made it hard to see her face. A large teen-age boy stood beside her, younger than Brad, softer contoured, hair brown rather than blond, but unmistakably his brother.

I said, "I suppose we should go pay our respects."

"Is that what you do?"

"Well, it's what everyone else is doing." We hung back a little, but soon there were no more shoulders between us and the shaded woman, so I said, "We're friends of Brad's from the University."

"From the University!" The woman didn't quite clap her hands, but reached out as if to embrace us, then didn't complete the gesture. "You came so far!" she cried. "It's Brad's college friends, Billy. It's friends of Brad's from the University." She introduced us to a man her own age, her brother, then to an elderly great uncle who had stunning white hair and didn't seem to hear well. As far as I could see, there was no father for Brad and Billy. "Some of Brad's college friends!" she kept saying. "All the way from the University!"

She asked us to drive in the cortege

"You lucked out he was a Methodist. Up in the real mountains they preach over an open casket."

to the Masonic cemetery, then back to the house for something to eat. I was glad, because I hadn't gotten enough funeral. There was something in all this I had been missing. Magisterial in my superior knowledge, I told Barbara, "Put your lights on. Leave a space between you and the next car."

"How did we get so close to the front?" she said. "I can't be in the front."

"You won't be. We wait for the hearse and the car with the family in it to lead us."

It was a perfect day, I thought, austere. Domination of earth colors: the sun came out, and dried grass and mud took on tones of yellow and rust, and the tips of the twigs were purple. A faint odor of dirt came from the pile beside the grave, the call of a crow, the dark nuggets of words dropped by the minister, the silence surrounding Brad's mother and brother. This is, I kept thinking. This is. Then the creak of the ropes.

"There," said Barbara, when the casket was down. "That's done."

The Aikens house bustled with women who had gone directly from church to set out food. Even with the women, though, the house had a spare quality. The pictures on the wall were widely separated, the furniture aligned with the straight edges of the rug. "It looks just like home," I said, trying to joke, but Barbara had lowered her head, was giving the people one of her intense stares.

A broad-smiled woman with gray wings in her hair introduced herself as Aunt Martha, although she wasn't really their aunt, she said. She pressed plates into our hands and gave us a tour of the buffet table, pointing out sliced ham, Jello-and-Cool Whip fruit salad, home-made Irish soda bread and double chocolate brownies.

She watched us fill our plates. "We all appreciate how far you came," she said. "It means so much to Phyllis." I wanted to spear the biggest fried chicken breast, but Aunt Martha kept watching, so I took a more modest drumstick instead. Aunt Martha said, "A lot of us were saying how pleased we were—to know Brad had friends at the University. He didn't seem to be doing all that well the last few months."

"He basically dropped out," said Barbara. She would have explained more fully, but they called Martha for a problem with the coffee urn extension cord. Barbara said, "They're all dying to know which one of us slept with him. That's what they really want to know."

"Oh, I don't think so." I was probably being naive, or maybe just more interested in the sweet fruit salad I hadn't meant to take because there wasn't a thing nourishing in it except maybe the tiny mandarin orange slices suspended in pink bubbles. Somehow it seemed the right thing to eat here. Funeral meats and sickening sweets.

The problem with the coffee urn solved, it looked like Aunt Martha was going to come back, but Brad's mother herself arrived. She passed her heavy coat to her brother, but wouldn't give up her black velvet beret, which made her head seem too heavy for her sloping neck. Her black dress was for summer with cap sleeves that bared her upper arms. The arms seemed soft, and her stomach too. Something slack about her, vaguely embarrassing. She glanced at us as Martha tried to give her coffee.

Barbara nudged me. "She spotted us."

People kept talking to her, but she moved across the room toward us steadily. We backed off, but were stopped by the wall under a display of three china plates in an 18th century hayrick design.

Her head bobbed under the fat beret. "All the way from the University," she said, and stumbled, turned over on her ankle and had to catch herself on Barbara's arm. "I'm fine," she said. "I'm really okay. You'd think I never wore high heels before." And laughed out a tiny burst of noise.

Barbara leaned her face very close to Brad's mother. "Mrs. Aikens," she said, "I wasn't sure I wanted to say this, but I think I need to tell you, it was partly my fault about Brad."

Mrs. Aikens gave Barbara's forearm a quick pat. "It's so good to know he had good friends."

"But the point is," said Barbara, forehead practically touching Mrs. Aikens' now, "the point is, all his friends failed him. None of us were there when it all hit the fan. Do you understand? No one was *there* for him?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Aikens. "I'm sure you didn't fail anyone."

"I *did* fail him. I could see he was falling apart, I mean, he was coming undone at the seams—"

"Seams?" murmured Mrs. Aikens, the smile fading, rolling her eyes toward the hayrick on the mounted plate. "His clothes?"

Impatient, as she often was when she thought someone was being willfully dense, Barbara said, "No, no, of course it wasn't his clothes. It was his *personality*. It was a total failure of all systems."

Mrs. Aikens teetered a little, hugged her own arm. "Why, you couldn't see the future, honey. How could you have know he was going to slip and fall off that fire escape? What could you have done?"

Barbara said, "They're all dying to know which one of us slept with him. That's what they really want to know."

"My God," said Barbara, looking at me. "She doesn't know."

Aunt Martha had not been far away. "You haven't had a bite to eat yet, Phyllis."

"Not now," said Barbara. "I have to explain something to her. She doesn't understand—"

Martha used her smile broadside on Barbara, and simultaneously blocked with her hip, herding Brad's mother away. "I don't think Phyllis needs to talk right now," she said. "She needs to eat."

"I think I just might have a bite," said

Brad's mother, smiling far off beyond the hayrick now. "It was so good of you girls to come."

I couldn't help myself from murmuring, "All the way from the University."

"Oh, yes," smiled Mrs. Aikens, "from the University."

"She's on downers," Barbara said. "She thinks Brad is on the heavenly campus greensward. How can she not know he killed himself?"

"She knows" I said.

"Then why would she lie? How could you lie about your son's suicide?"

"She knows, but she isn't admitting the truth to herself."

"That isn't knowing, that's lying to yourself." Barbara's hair shifted ominously on her neck as if it were about to come free of its pins and all hell break loose.

I said, "Don't you see? They all know. Why else would Aunt Martha be so protective and get her away from us? They know, but that doesn't mean they're going to say it out loud, not to each other, not to themselves."

"In other words, they don't want to hear that Brad was hurting so bad he killed himself."

"That's right. They don't want to hear it. They don't want to hear it in so many words. They don't want to hear it in words at all."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't accept that. This is the one thing in his life Brad ever said loud and clear. He was murky a lot of the time, but he wanted people to hear this."

"How do you know?" And why was I taking this position? I felt myself down in the herd with the friends and neighbors while Barbara was on the mountain, the one with the leonine head and the Word. But I persisted: "I mean it, How can you be so sure? How do we know he really did it on purpose anyhow? Maybe he slipped or he was pushed, we weren't there. I can't even remember what he looks like. Maybe he wished all along just to be normal, you know, do what the rest of us were doing at college, or maybe he wanted to come back down here—"

Barbara's eyes grew enormous, and there were little flecks of gold in her irises. "Focus on the pain," she said. "*His* pain."

If I didn't run, I would end up in a house like this in a town like my town. With dollhouse plates on a blank wall.

I was slipping under her spell, although I didn't really believe she was right. I didn't believe what she said, but I didn't believe what I was saying either. "Barbara, these people aren't as good at being explicit as you are. Even Brad—you know—he didn't say it in words."

"Then I'll have to put it in words for him. He deserves that much." She touched my arm. "It's okay," she said. "They can take it." She took a few steps to the couch where Mrs. Aikens' uncle was sitting with his wavy white hair. Barbara's hair was uncoiling down her back, beginning to unspring. "Brad killed himself," she said gently. "I know it's hard, but I think you need to face it."

Mrs. Aikens' great-uncle struggled to his feet and shook Barbara's hand. "Pleased to meet you," he said.

"Brad was trying to get across a message. His life was shit."

Mrs. Aikens' uncle tipped his head to one side, looking puzzled, trying to reform the syllable he thought he had heard.

I said, "There's no point to it, Barbara, okay? They're suffering already, can't you let them suffer their own way?"

Barbara looked at me, looked around the room with its small pictures and isolated plates on the wall, so little different from the rooms in my mother's house. "Do you want me to participate in vanishing Brad? You know I can't do that." She bounded away across the room, bumping people and excusing herself too loudly, and I watched her until she made a sudden change of direction and found Brad's brother Billy half hidden in the window drapes. She spoke urgently to him, then the two of them disappeared into the interior of the house.

Well, I thought, there's one who's going to get Brad's message. I got coffee, circled the room, pretending I was on my way back to someone. I found myself at the wall with the three china plates again. They nagged at me: who had plates like that? Not my mother, but someone I knew. My aunt? My grandmother? But we would never have hung them on the wall, I thought. Stood them in a row on top of a hutch, maybe. But it didn't matter, this was still the house I'd always know. If I didn't run, I would end up in a house like this in a town like my town. With dollhouse plates on a blank wall.

I turned away and bumped into Martha, who met my eye coolly. "Where's your friend?"

"Giving Brad's message to Billy."

"Listen, you and your friend knew Brad—"

"Not really," I said. "I'm walking around here and I can't even remember what he looked like."

"Then you certainly don't know Phyllis. You don't know the family. Phyllis's husband, when Brad was in high school, died in a hunting accident."

"Killed himself?" I said.

"Shot himself," said Martha, not blinking. "No one knows the exact circumstances, but it was a great tragedy."

"That's grim." Martha gave me a chance to take it in, but I didn't mean to be taken in. I said, "There's no question about Brad, he really jumped."

"Phyllis had a nervous breakdown," said Martha. "Phyllis had a nervous breakdown over Brad's father, and this is too much. We don't intend to let her have another. So you see, nothing is simple, nothing is as simple as it appears when you're 18."

"Nineteen," I said. "Why shouldn't she have a breakdown if she wants to? If people on all sides of her are killing themselves it seems logical to me."

Saying this made me feel a little better: someone really doomed to a narrow, small life would never say anything so outrageous.

Martha's face was more interesting when she didn't smile. "What do you want from me?" she said. "Evidence of stupidity or words of wisdom?"

Wisdom, I thought. Tell how you can live out your life in Viola and tell me how someone like Phyllis inspires you to so much love and how can you stop another person from breaking down?

But Barbara was leading Billy back into the living room.

"Oh, no," said Martha.

Barbara looked like an angel: her hair had spread out behind her, and the boy was so close that he seemed to have bloomed up out of it. "I told Billy," she said.

"Oh, Billy, honey." Martha reached for him, but he pulled back.

His eyes were red, and he had a couple of infected pimples on his cheeks, tender skin just above his ears where his hair had recently been cut. "People should know," he said. "Brad deserves that much."

"That's what Barbara says," I said.

"Right," said Billy.

"And what about Phyllis," said Martha. "She deserves something too."

Billy looked at Martha with childish accusation. "Brad had his hair long. If I'd of known that, I wouldn't have got mine cut for the funeral, I'll tell you that."

"Listen, Billy," said Martha. "The funeral was for your mother. That's who you cut your hair for, and all I ask is that you think of her a little longer. Can you leave her out of this? Okay, Billy?"

Barbara touched Billy's arm, and Martha's, linking them, and said, "We'll leave the rest of the people out of it, the ones who aren't strong enough. It's really all right. I understand too."

Billy nodded solemnly. "My mom doesn't need to know."

Martha started to speak, but her smile twitched and her eyes seemed to bulge, and I realized she was about to cry. Now why does she have to do that, I thought. Why do people always do the thing you don't expect.

But then I had a gift: a memory of Brad as clear as I had ever seen him in life, probably clearer. Wearing crusty jeans and a black denim vest, a jacket with the sleeves cut off; his arms bare and little homemade blue ink tattoos of imaginary animals on his shoulders and biceps. He shook his head and his hair shifted, swung, came to rest.

And then I wondered: at the last moment, had he gone out onto the fire escape on impulse? Did he not even hesitate but just jump? Or did he perhaps sit for a moment on the rusting cross bar, for one instant of a piece, not scattered.

Choose, damn you, I thought. At least let it be that you chose.

He lifted both his hands and jumped.

I said to the others, "I finally remember what Brad looked like."

But Martha had gone back to Phyllis, successful in protecting her friend, for the moment. And Barbara was giving Billy her phone number because, she said, she wanted to be there if he ever needed her. So Barbara was satisfied. I watched Brad fall, over and over again.

*Meredith Sue Willis is a novelist, whose books, **A Space Apart**, **Higher Ground** and **Only Great Changes** were published by Scribner's.*

This Is Not Tax Deductible

Since I'm really educated, I thought I could walk past the
lions on the balustrades, through the oak doors and hide
in the parqueted rooms of high, pearly skylights while
strolling among busted sculpture, dingy paintings and
the visitors, shrinking down the corridors as a
pathetically smug amanuensis to life

but all that's phony for me—the scarves, the sweaters and
the tweed jacket—just like the backpack was. I was
raised in a coal camp and spent a lot of my life at a
drive-in trying nervously to enjoy myself eating a hot
dog and drink a Coke on the fender of somebody else's
car, and at the drive-in movies I sweated and panted in
sexual oblivion of James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and John
Wayne, and now I eat at places like McDonalds and Burger
King and drive a Volkswagen that misses and backfires
and dies a lot

and oftentimes I see myself as a guitar case made out of cheap
cardboard. I flip open the lid to a game show give-away
freak bells lights gibber, a decadent creep given over
to Flora, Vesper, Isis and Aphrodite. Oh, I wish one of
them would come back, I feel so lonely

a man who envies without reservation poets who could
write such
lines as *the women come and go speaking of Michaelangelo*
and *a terrible beauty is born* and *death is the mother of*
beauty poets who hid themselves in a profound
somber sublime
void from which only politicians now speak.

—Victor M. Depta

*Victor M. Depta has had his poems and stories published widely. His poetry books are **The Creek** and **The House.***

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

E.E. and Charlie Ogle's store, 1926. Car belonged to Sam Robinson, taxi driver and mail carrier. Photo by Laura Thornborough.

Kimberly Boyd

Site of Ogle's store, 1991.

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Cooling
Grace
of Gatli

Touring Appalachia
OW AND THEN

Randy Ball

Fred's Famous Peanuts, Robertstown, Ga., 1987

Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives, Mars Hill College

Fruit stand on Lee Highway, October 1935.

off in the Little River—Left to right:
Reagle, Louise Husky and Barbara Reagan
nburg.

Kimberly Boyd

Miniature golf, Pigeon Forge, Tenn., 1990.

Touring Appalachia
NOW AND THEN

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

E.E. and Charlie Ogle's store, 1926. Car belonged to Sam Robinson, taxi driver and mail carrier. Photo by Laura Thornborough.

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Fruit stand on Lee Highway, October 1935.

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Site of Ogle's store, 1991.

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Cooling off in the Little River—Left to right: Grace Reagle, Louise Husky and Barbara Reagan of Gatlinburg.

Kimberly Boyd

Miniature golf, Pigeon Forge, Tenn., 1990.

Tennessee's Overhill Country

Preserving the Industrial Revolution

Kimberly Boyd

Which one of these sites in Southeast Tennessee is the latest target for tourist development?

a) Copperhill—denuded red hills and struggling pine forests surround the copper mines of this company town, now the home of the bankrupt Tennessee Chemical Company.

b) Ducktown—another copper mine town with rows of mail-order houses and more red moonscape mountainous terrain surrounding a basin of blue-green water reputed to be at least 300 feet deep, 2400 feet deep where the shaft was sunk.

c) Coker Creek—a former gold camp, now a community that includes a number of artists and craftspeople.

d) Tellico Plains—the original site of an iron foundry, operated by the Cherokee until their removal on the Trail of Tears, then open until the Civil War when Sherman destroyed it on his march to Georgia. Also the site of a German POW camp during World War II.

e) Englewood—a railroad town with textile and flour mills. A historic building on the main square may be developed as a textile museum.

f) Etowah—a boomtown established in 1906 by the L & N Railroad. The Depot is on the National Register of Historic Places.

g) Delano—a sawmill and lumber town whose major industry became a cotton mill.

h) Reliance—a relatively unchanged, late nineteenth-century mountain farming community located beside the Hiwassee River and on the edge of the Cherokee National Forest.

Answer: All of the above.

by
Sandra L. Ballard

Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives, Mars Hill College

◀ **Abandoned mine building, Copperhill, Tenn., 1989.**

▶ **Ducktown, Tenn., 1939. Photo by Marion Post-Wolcott.**

It may take some imagination to picture some of these depleted industrial sites as tourist attractions. But imagination is exactly the characteristic that area residents have employed in developing their idea.

The plan includes preservation of company housing, local businesses, bridges, mining sites as well as development of museums, books and a driving tour with interpretive markers. Preservation will include the unusual square hipped-roof company houses in Copperhill and Ducktown, isolated "section houses" for the railroad workers who were once responsible for maintaining a "section" of track; the wooden flumeline along the Old Copper Road (Highway 64) and the general stores in Dentville and Reliance.

There are reasons to believe these unlikely-sounding areas might work out as tourist attractions. In fact, it's an idea whose time may well have arrived in Appalachia. Folklorist Richard Blaustein, director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University, believes that as the industrial age gives way to the technological age, curiosity and nostalgia for an earlier era is likely to affect the population. He predicts that we will "reconstruct and reinvent our industrial past the same way as the industrial age romanticized our rural past. No one is canning sardines in Monterey (California), and the cannery is full of factory outlets. There are boutiques where people used to gut fish."

The tourists that Southeast Tennessee planners hope to draw are not far away. The nearby Ocoee River attracts white water rafters, kayakers and canoeists. The river is also the site of one of the earliest hydroelectric dams built by the TVA. And the Old TVA flume line and Powerhouse #2 are on the National Register of Historic Places. Two other rivers in this region, the Hiwassee and the Tellico, attract another breed of tourists. Trout fishermen know these more tranquil waters. Families float on these rivers, fish, hike, camp and look for the spectacular views from the roads which wind alongside the waters.

The Cherokee National Forest also attracts hikers and campers. The national forest, which is largely undeveloped wilderness, stretches across three Tennessee counties and borders Georgia's Chattahooche National Forest and North Carolina's Nantahala National Forest. But the communities that ring the national forest and roughly provide the borders of Tennessee's Overhill Country are primarily industrial sites, some of which have had a devastating effect on the natural environment.

Exploring the inherent connections between these communities and their heritage has been one of the tasks faced by Linda Caldwell, Etowah's Local Program Manager for the Heritage Tourism Initiative, and a group of volunteers based in the restored 1906 L&N Depot in Etowah.

"We thought we were starting small," Linda Caldwell explained, as she described one of the Etowah Arts Council's first projects in 1984, bringing to the Depot a photography exhibit entitled "Appalachian Women: Three Generations." The exhibit was a success, thanks to community participation and the help of Betty Duggan, an anthropologist and humanities consultant sent by the Tennessee Humanities Council. Duggan became a trusted and valued resource for the community and later worked as a consultant to the Etowah Arts Commission in designing a public research project to be based in the L&N Depot.

Local interest was so great in copying photographs from the L&N's early days in Etowah that it inspired those involved to collect the stories that went with the photos. Humanities scholars trained volunteers in research methods, and the Tennessee Humanities Council held workshops in collecting oral history.

Working with the scholars, community members examined not only the boom times of the railroad town but also the changes that came with the strikes of the 1920s, the strikebreakers, the Depression and subsequent redefinition of the community after it lost its major industry. In the process of writing the text for the photo exhibit about the L&N Railroad, the volunteer historians came to understand that everything that affected the railroad eventually affected everyone in town and many in the surrounding communities. The initial work for a brief catalogue to accompany the exhibit grew into a book-length work based on the research, *Growing Up With the L&N*, published by the Etowah Arts Commision in 1989. An evaluator of the project, historian James Ward of the University of

Tennessee-Chattanooga, observed that the usual tributes to first families are "conspicuously absent" because "the museum pays special attention to the working and living conditions" of working class people both black and white. The exhibit and book "present a sense of what it was like to claw a living from skills and sweat in the early twentieth century industrial South." He commends the project for illustrating "the painful transitions that took place" and concludes that "the whole exhibit and story are the essence of the American experience as seen through ordinary eyes, the most fundamental definition of human experience."

Obviously, local initiative and involvement made the difference. Their research led the volunteers to understand, as Caldwell explained, "just because it's not Tara doesn't mean it's not valuable and important."

While working on the project, Caldwell reports, "we really got interested in the community, in the interconnections between our communities here in Southeastern Tennessee." They discovered that the Copperhill mines had closed because of the expense of hauling the copper. Copperhill's economy, like Etowah's, had risen and fallen with the railroad, as had that of other company towns in the region.

In fact, their research helped them to discover that industrialization in the region called the Overhill Country had begun with the Cherokee, whose fur and hide trade with the French and English dates to the 18th century. The Cherokee had also originally operated an iron foundry in the region, and some evidence suggests that they ran a pottery.

The volunteer researchers began to see that every layer of the history of Appalachia was represented in this Basin—from the natural history and beauty of the Cherokee National Forest to the industrial growth and development that began with the native inhabitants of the region.

The volunteers' experience of producing the book *Growing Up With the L&N* led the Etowah Arts Commission to propose that their next project expand its scope to focus on the rise and fall of the industrialization in the region, instead of on historic homes of city fathers. They had become aware that the railroad, the mines, the mills and iron foundries have created the unique communities and the sense of community that exists in Southeast Tennessee.

When Linda Caldwell learned from Tennessee's state folklorist, Roby Cogswell, that the state's Department of Tourist Development was inviting proposals for a pilot program called the Heritage Tourism Initiative, sponsored by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, she investigated the possibilities. She found that the Southeastern Tennessee Development District Office had on staff a historic preservation planner who offered to come to Etowah to help fill out the forms and prepare the proposal. Their work was successful. The tourism development project recently received the funding from the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Tennessee became one of four states in the nation (the others are Indiana, Texas and Wisconsin) and the only Appalachian state to be selected for the Heritage Tourism Initiative.

Caldwell believes that "the Tennessee Department of Tourist Development is to be commended for selecting the Overhill Country" because "it is a site that is not developed and one that has very few financial resources. It would have been easy," Caldwell explains, "to select an area that would have been a guaranteed success."

But over the next three years, Tennesseans and tourists from other states will begin to hear more about the Overhill Country. Currently, Caldwell and her community of volunteers are in the process of creating a photography exhibit called "Images of the Overhill," featuring sites from McMinn, Monroe and Polk counties. There will also be a lecture series at local high schools to introduce students to their heritage in the Overhill Country. The amateur historians know first-hand the importance of educating each other about the history of the region in order to share it, preserve it and use it to promote the area.

"Just because it's not Tara doesn't mean it's not valuable and important."

Next will come the development of the driving tour, preservation efforts and another book to explain and connect the sites.

A drive through the region reveals that there are plenty of resources to work with. Some sites are already on the

Sandra Ballard

Ocoee Powerhouse Plant #2, an old TVA hydroelectric plant, is on the National Register of Historic Places.

National Register; some small museums are already in place. In Vonore is the Sequoyah Birthplace Museum, the only tribally-owned historic attraction in Tennessee.

Near Copperhill, in Ducktown, is Tennessee's first state-owned historic industrial site (purchased in 1988), the Burra Burra Copper Mine, which opened in 1850. It is the location of Ducktown Basin Museum, where indoor mining exhibits interpret the copper smelting process that had its visible effects on the terrain outside. The combination of acid rain and timbering denuded the hills which have only recently begun to be reforested in pine. But even so, some locals want the bare red hills back because to them, this phase of "development" is altering the "original" landscape. The museum is, in fact, currently trying to purchase several acres on which they will preserve the "original" red ridges.

The drive through the natural and manmade attractions in the Tennessee Overhill area will be unlike any other in the country, illustrating every phase of the history of industrialization of the Southern Appalachians, from the Cherokee trading to the present "bavarianization" of Appalachia (if Tellico Plains' independent developers continue with their plans to develop another community like Helen, Georgia).

Caldwell is convinced of the value of the project: "Combining this range of industrial sites and Appalachian scenery—such unnatural and natural wonders—is a unique idea in tourism. No other area has attempted to identify, develop and interpret a region as a cradle of Appalachian industrialization, one which still holds examples of its every stage of development, from its beginnings with the Cherokee to its present railways, mines, mills and mountains."

She and her committees of educators, business people, archaeologists, church workers, housewives, forest rangers and retirees like to think of their local history projects as a way of preserving and sharing the region's diverse history. They don't want to romanticize it and make it pretty; they want to promote what is real and authentic to the region. They are educating residents whose eyes light up as they remember and want to become involved. As Caldwell says, they want to find a way of "selling history without selling out."

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Sandra Ballard

Moonscape terrain surrounds a basin reputed to be up to 2400' deep at the Burra Burra Mine, Ducktown, Tenn.

religion

they were gone a long time
to cherokee, north carolina
(my parents' first vacation
after baby john and me)

but when they came back
what a stunning gift
they brought me —
the headdress of an indian chief:

real deerskin, with carefully
worked beads, rosettes
with colored feathers curling at the sides
and a crown of strong white
turkey feathers with
black tips
sewn singly into the band

(not the insulting
red & green chicken
feather & printed paper trash
you got at the dime store
that kids wore on halloween)

a real indian would have
worn this

I cannot say how much I loved it

two or three days later, it was gone

they said the old dee got it
(the old dee lived in a coal cellar
the door had rotted off
behind aunt louise's house

we used to go there just to stare
at that square black chute
down to the other world

we'd throw in sacrifices:
a rabbit's foot, a stolen ball)

and I was content with the story —
the old dee in darkness
did what he did because he did it;
shit happens

but one day still later
I was slinking in the bushes
outside my neighbors' house
(I was a cowboy and they were
my enemies; we'd had a fight)
and there covert among the leaves
were shed the feathers
from the headdress,
the strong white feathers with black
tips

among my neighbors' bushes then,
scratched by twigs,
I saw the plucked old dee outside his hole
and understood religion

—Suzanna O'Donnell

Suzanna O'Donnell works at Appalshop, the media arts center in Whitesburg, Ky. She recently co-edited a community history of Ivanhoe, Va.

Living with the Tourist Trade

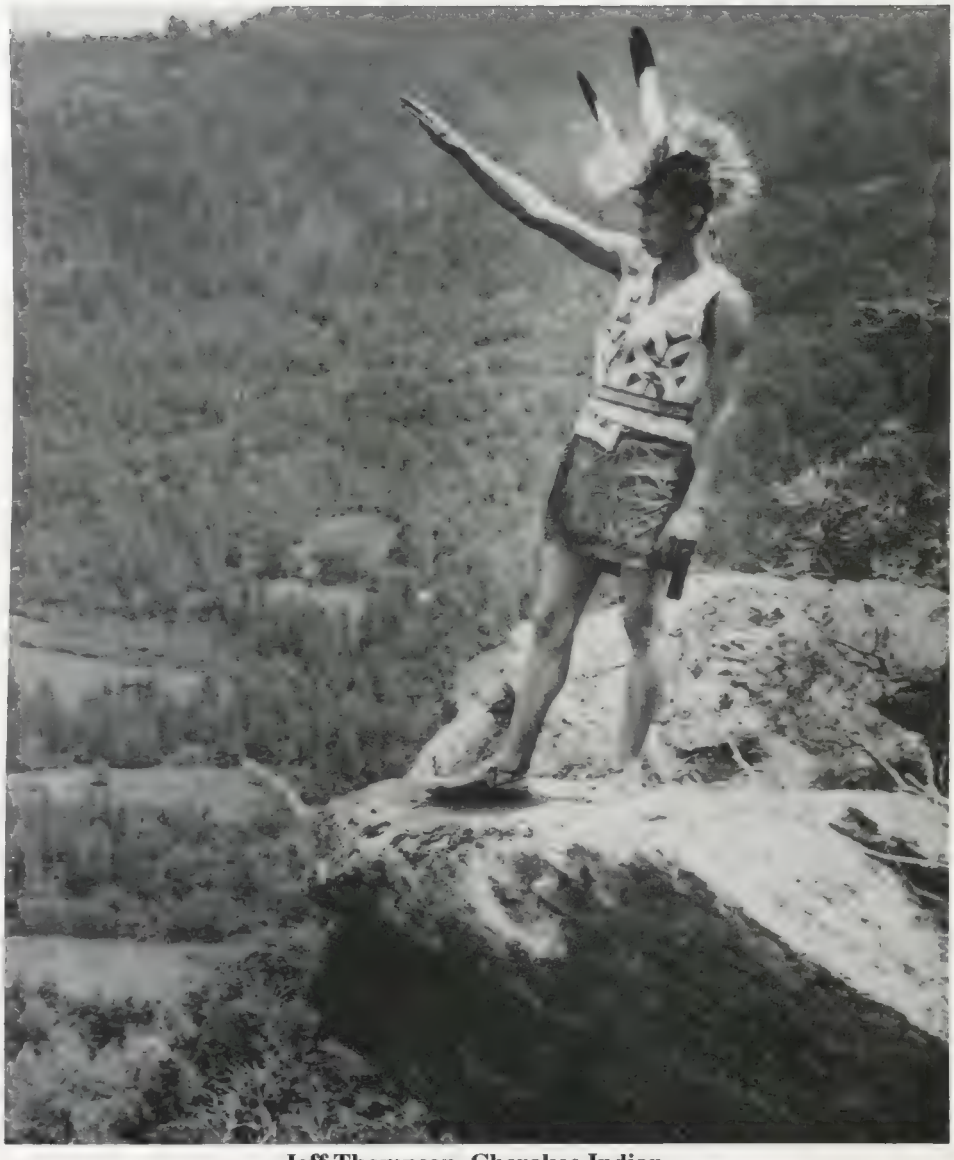
Cherokee and the Tourists

from
Cherokee One Feather
December 17, 1975

This story about tourism in Cherokee came from ***Cherokee One Feather****, the weekly newspaper for the residents of the small Western Carolina Cherokee reservation, the Qualla Boundary. Though some of the clothing styles the author describes have changed, the picture of Cherokee is remarkably similar to the way it was 16 years ago when this piece came out. The author was not identified.*

The Cherokee Strip is not just a piece of land in Oklahoma once given to appease the Cherokee Nation (reclaimed later, of course). It is also the name applied to both sides of US 441 as it turns through Cherokee and the Qualla Boundary (in North Carolina).

Here can be found the basic elements of present Cherokee economy. Here are the craft shops, the quick-food stores, a few good restaurants, motels, and last, but far from least, the chiefs and dancers in their feathers (THE Indians). All are engaged in as rapid an exchange of the paper dollars as possible and the focus of all this activity is the tourist—Cherokee's number one industry. The tourist is a varied assortment of humanity coming in an even wilder assortment of garbs. Some are young with low jeans, bare feet and long, loose hair. Other have crew cuts and 30 too-many pounds. Some of the women have teased their hair into perfect waves and curls, permanently glued them in place, and then added a semi-matching glazed hairpiece for the



Tennessee State Library and Archives

Jeff Thompson, Cherokee Indian

Mars Hill College Photographic Archives

Photo by Doris Ulmann, 1930.

It may be that Indians are the most impassive when they are trying their best not to laugh in your face!

top. This was the year of the halter-top. Every female, regardless of size, seemed to wear a halter top. Unfortunately, the size of the halters didn't seem to vary so much. Many were snug.

The tourist season gets off to a gradual start in April, has a quick flurry as the streams open to fishing, increases as the schools close, and then builds to an unbelievable crescendo of noise, traffic, exhaust fumes, heat and travelers by the Fourth of July. After this weekend most of the local people become immune to anything and just hang on through sheer determination until after Labor Day. Then there is a brief lull until the October leaves are sent scurrying by the autumn winds and approaching motorists.

Let no one kid you that tourism is an easy business. From the time the leaves and wild flowers bud in April until the last leaf goes, the Cherokees work as much as humanly possible. Some may hold down three jobs simultaneously, and it is more usual than unusual to have two jobs. Many work 16 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week. The work is usually hard work, too, with little pay—waiting tables, cooking, cleaning motels, doing maintenance around the motels and campgrounds, chiefing and dancing. These jobs require a heavy reliance upon tips, but Cherokee doesn't seem to attract many big tippers. Even the children work, posing with their parents or dancing. A summer at Cherokee will fully convince you that Indian endurance and strength is no myth and completely eliminate any ideas that Indians are lazy. Some jobs also require considerable tact, diplomacy and salesmanship.

Most tourists fall into two general classes. One is the "cheapie." He can't believe that Indian jewelry costs that much, "You don't mean two HUNDRED and fifty. Why I wouldn't pay much more than $2.50." He also believes that Indians are supported by the government and live off the fat of the land in general—(and HIS dollar in particular) and don't pay any taxes and get everything free. Then, there is the second class of tourist. He is always part-Indian himself. ("Can't you tell?") He knows that that isn't a Cherokee headdress the chief is wearing (the tour guide at Oconaluftee Village just told him).

He is always intensely interested in Indians and wants to know "how they feel" but is too involved with trying to out-Indian the Indian with his bits and pieces of hearsay to listen. Most of the Cherokees, whose major mistake was "out-civilizing" their "civilized" white neighbors during the 1800s and getting removed for their trouble and progress, still demonstrate a superior poise and courtesy. They have learned to answer the most inane questions imaginable with frankness. They can tactfully and, usually, humorously turn aside the most rude or ignorant comment. They can deliver a monotone "yes" or "no" that will effectively end a conversation when necessary, and—if all else fails—they can become "impassive Indians" with no loss of face (or tip). (It may be that Indians are the most impassive when they are trying their best not to laugh in your face!)

The Cherokees have demonstrated for some time that they have most of the qualities necessary to increase their personal and tribal incomes from the tourist trade. They have public interest; the area is accessible; it borders the most visited park in the nation—and the people have the necessary personal attributes—like stamina! Probably the biggest drawback is cohesive agreement as to purpose and method. Some members of the community are concerned about how to attract the larger spenders to increase business, others seem concerned about generating enough business for a winter season. Still others may be aiming for both. There are any number of things that might increase the tourism income or transform Cherokee into an all-season resort.

For myself there would be two major considerations for "touring" Cherokee or staying longer once I was here (as a tourist). One would be a greater selection of desirable, quality craft shop items, better control and labeling of Indian crafts, and renovation, remodeling and expansion of the shops into attractive, landscaped, mall-type areas that would be more enticing to tourists used to spending more money. More variety in the type of musical entertainment offered would draw another type of tourist. An auditorium or club with a stage, seats or dance floor would justify higher rates for the musicians and insure a crowd despite the

weather (and reduce the number of near-fatalities from traffic).

But Cherokee might not want to practice tourism all year. Twelve months of the traffic, pressure, hard work and long hours might be impossible. Twelve months of contact with the tourists might be even more impossible! Possible changes in community life and its impact is another consideration. The Cherokees are better acquainted with the price of progress than most.

Some may well ask if the work is so hard, the reward small and the hours impossibly long, why do these people continue waiting tables, cleaning, cooking, dancing and arraying themselves in hot feathers just to exchange a few pieces of paper with a group of tourists who will never again be quite as unattractive, critical and over-exposed—until next year. The answer is very simple—It's the only show in town—and it's only half-a-year!

Used by permission.

Marketing Cherokee

How do you find out what tourists want? You ask them. So Keith T. Stephens, a marketing professor at Western Carolina University, did just that in a 1987 study based on telephone inquiries to Cherokee Travel and Promotion Services. Stephens and a team of five research assistants have now completed another study based on 17,000 inquiries in 1988.

A survey mailed to 2000 inquirers garnered more than 600 replies. Stephens and his team based their analysis on 369 responses from people who had visited Cherokee in 1988.

Most of the tourists came from Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Florida and Alabama. Over 40 percent had planned their visit to Cherokee. But 23 percent were on their way to Gatlinburg, 13 percent on their way to Pigeon Forge. The obvious step, says Stephens, is to take advantage of that regional intent when marketing Cherokee. "An issue that should be explored is how Cherokee can compete with these locations that seem to be primary destinations," he says.

About 70 percent of the visitors stay two days or less. Those who stay overnight tend to stay in motels, though 18 percent use the area's campgrounds and cabins.

The busiest month is July, followed by June, August and October. The older, higher-income visitor is prevalent in October, after the start of the school year has thinned the family crowds. More than 40 percent of the tourists year-round are over 40, and 44 percent do not bring children with them.

Almost half of the respondents had annual incomes below $35,000. Slightly more than 25 percent had incomes over $45,000. "These figures raise the questions, 'How can Cherokee attract more upscale-income families?' and 'Are the higher income families' needs being met?'" Stephens said.

After the 1987 study, Stephens said "commercialization" seemed to be the "biggest detractor" in Cherokee, but the 1988 study showed that shopping was by far the most popular activity, followed by hiking and sightseeing. Cited attractions include the Oconaluftee Indian Village, Museum of the Cherokee, the outdoor drama *Unto These Hills*, and Santa's Land.

The least favorable aspects cited were poor lodging; lack of commercial banks, picnic facilities, rest rooms, parking, shopping and grocery stores; crowds; traffic; and negative experiences with other tourists. Most respondents expressed a desire for more nighttime activities.

In overall satisfaction, however, Cherokee was rated nearly equal to Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg or Asheville. The best indicator of Cherokee's success as an attraction is that 85 percent of the respondents plan to return. The survey results show how those future visits can be made even more satisfying and what marketing strategies are called for to attract more first-time visitors. That's valuable information. And it's straight from the tourist's mouth.

—Laurene Scalf

Laurene Scalf is a writer and actor in Jonesborough, Tenn.

Randy Ball

Cherokee, N.C., 1986

— Continued from page 14.

reached up there like that and took it out of his hand, looked it all over, and handed it back to him and let him take his picture. Then, after he met Mag and shook her hand, the one that give his wife the dress, they drove on, went up on top of the mountain to dedicate the park up at Newfound Gap.

Lucinda Ogle: Mrs. Roosevelt was with him. She went in a different car. I was at the dedication. My husband was working for the Forest, and I had a front-row seat. I was much older than Harvey. I'm 81. And what are you?

H: I'll be 73.

L: See, my life is different than his.

H: It ain't altogether different. You lived same place I did, back in the mountains. I was born up there where Lucinda was. There was some younger than us (brothers and sisters) that was born down in Gatlinburg. I was born with a granny woman, what you call it, a midwife.

I remember back there when I wore a dress. Mama put a dress on me and raised a table leg up and set it down on me. I couldn't crawl off. Why I was wearing a dress was because I was wetting on everything.

L: You wasn't housebroken.

H: There was 12 of us, and you have to sleep with about four of them, three or four boys in a bed. You'd sleep like sardines. I guess I slept at the foot of the bed because you get me in there, and you wake up with warm water on you.

L: If mommy had another little one I'd have to sleep with him. I slept with him (Harvey) when he was a baby. I was the eldest, so I got it harder than the others but I guess it was good for me because it made me more self-reliant.

I used to take the kids out when dad would take a group of people out in the mountains, I'd take the kids out to hoe the corn, and I'd tell 'em, "we'll hoe while it's cool, and I'll let you go to the river this evening." Along around two o'clock I'd leave them off, and then I'd go hoe the garden by myself in the hot sun because I was afraid they'd pick up the little food plants. Little beets or onions. But they could chop out the corn. We'd grow like the corn did. They was pretty good little ol' kids to help me.

H: We didn't have no tractors. All we had was a mule or an ol' horse to plow with. Back up in the section I lived, you couldn't plow hardly with a horse, just rocks everywhere, but what little dirt there was between the rocks, boy you could raise corn, tomatoes, all kinds of vegetables, boy, black dirt.

L: (Different families) all lived up different hollers, and they were rich little areas. They got their wood they burned for fuel from the steep hillside. But ordinarily those (mountains) were all fields with cattle and pigs and chickens, and sometimes they'd put their cattle up in the mountains. They'd grow little corn patches. They'd make hay and grow wheat and oats. I don't guess the farmers ever made over three acres of foodstuffs for a pretty good-sized family.

Like dad used to say in the Depression days, he wasn't going begging for us. If he couldn't make enough food to live on during the winter, he'd just let us starve. So when all of us was big enough we'd get out and hoe our rows.

(Referring to a framed picture of a cabin that was her childhood home:) That big room where they all slept had one two three four beds and a trundle bed, had five beds in one room. And then the kitchen was one bed over to the left, and the table was a little more toward the right. And a great big long table where whole slews of people could eat.

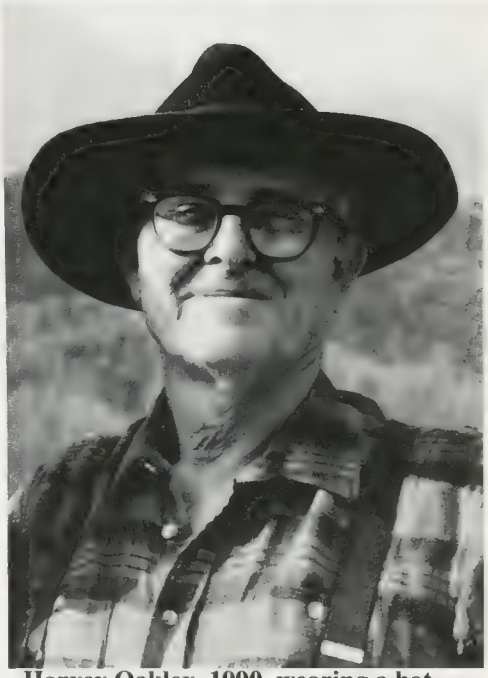
H: Dad used to go back up in those wild mountains a-huntin', you know, and he'd

Tennessee State Library And Archives

Lucinda and Harvey's youngest brother, Casey, (Wiley Oakley, Jr.,) guiding tourists in the Smoky Mountains, 1942.

come down with a big ol' turkey on his back. I've heard him tell it many a time, dad said he come down, threw that big turkey over, and mama and all them be sitting on the porch and say, "There's a man for you, bringing the meat."
L: Mama was just a young girl.
H: Dad's father had a cabin back on Scratch Britches Mountain, the last house back in the wilderness. It was a bear huntin' house. So when Mom and Dad got married off, they moved back in there on their honeymoon. (Later) they built a house back there on the creek. It used to be; it's gone now.

I remember one of the first trips I made to Gatlinburg. There was just a few people lived up around Gatlinburg. I remember the first car I ever seen, it come up the river road, us kids was swimming down in there, and an old Dodge car, Mr. Ogle bought it, the one that run the grocery store, he had an old Dodge car. There was two country stores, Ogle's store and one by the Mountain View, isn't that right?
L: Squire Isaac Maples had the other one. Mama'd give us a egg out of the bags we was taking to the store. Well, I'd walk another half a mile to Jamimey's (Jamima Whaley Maples, Squire Maples' wife), 'cause she'd give me a bigger poke full of candy for my egg.
H: You'd get horehounds, peppermint sticks.
L: You were going to the store to just get like salt and soda. Barter, you'd barter.
H: We'd pick up chestnuts and sell them down at Ogle's store, and he'd take 'em into Knoxville to market, and we'd buy our winter shoes. We'd go barefooted till way up to the cold. You couldn't hardly stand it, then you'd buy a few shoes. Dad had so many kids he couldn't afford shoes for all of them, could he?
L: When I was little, I had homemade shoes. They could tan their own leather.
H: When you lived back there in the mountains, you either had to do it yourself or do without.
N&T: Sounds like your dad was multi-talented.
L: Most mountain people — he wasn't just by himself. I've got a yard man right now, that man can figure out everything. He's just as much like dad when dad was when he was young, and he's young enough to be my boy.
N&T: What school did you go to?
H: Pi Beta Phi (in Gatlinburg). It was a national sorority school. They came down here to help the mountain people.
L: We'd walk about four miles to school back and forth. Four miles from Cherokee Orchard the way it wound around the creek.
H: My father never went to school. When he wrote that book (Wiley Oakley's memoirs, *Roamin' and Restin'*), he didn't know where them colons and semi-colons belonged; all he knew was a period. That means catch your breath, and start reading again.
N&T: What do you think of the tourist development?
L: I can't say much because it made life a lot easier for mountain people. It sure brought us prosperity. But I believe the Pi Phi (school) did more for us than the park coming because, and you can put that down for me, because the Pi Phis give us an education so we could use our talents.
H: All the mountain people was illiterate when the Pi Phis come here.
L: Don't say that word. That sounds like you haven't got any sense. We had plenty of sense. Mom couldn't read and write, and when Roosevelt made those classes, she learned to read the Bible in three months. Dad just hadn't had the training that people could have now if they'd take it. He went three months (to the same classes). They used to make fun of the mountain people and their way and their dialect. But the Pi Phis taught us how to cope with the way the world had changed so fast for us in this section.
H: They still have mountain people that talk back in the mountains like our uncle Leonard, real slow like.
L: That was a trait in the Ogle clan.
H: The rest of 'em didn't talk that way.
L: He was a timid one. And he was thinking in between. He wasn't like me. He didn't have a million words a minute.
H: He was the best man that ever was, but he'd talk real slow.
L: Well, they lived way back up in the hollers and they didn't see a lot of people, and they didn't keep shop the way I did for 30 years (The Spinning Wheel Shop in Gatlinburg), and they didn't try to make a living as hard as we did. I wanted to see my kids go to college to learn more than I got to learn, 'cause I wanted to learn.
H: Let me tell her about my wife when I brought her back from Alabama. See, I got my wife from Dothan, Alabama (while he was serving in the Air Force). That's where I met her and married her. After World War II, when I brought her back to the hills, to Gatlinburg, we come in on the bus, and this little old steel bridge down here at North Creek, there the Trailways bus had to back up two or three times to get up onto that bridge. My wife said to herself, "I wonder where in the world he's a takin' me to."
After she got to know my mother, we lived up there, they was running a restaurant right out in front of our house there, she says, "Melba, go over there and get us a dope." Melba said, "What is that?" "Well, a Coca Cola or orange or some kind."
L: Then she comes up here to get some apples. You're the one that told her get you some pokes and bring them along. We got some paper bags. Melba never had heard paper bags called pokes. I still call them pokes. I do that for mischief.
N&T: What happened to most of the people who were your neighbors in the Smokies?
H: Most of them's dead. They've got relatives around. When the park run 'em all out they moved down in the 10th district of Sevier County. Farmville, Va., was where some of them moved to.
L: One old man said it was just like



Harvey Oakley, 1990, wearing a hat that belonged to his father.

Lucinda Ogle, 1990.

death for us all to be separated. A lot got so homesick they died soon after they left here.

H: We had an old timers' day at the Pi Phi School. I remember one old man: "I moved down to the 10th district. I don't like the water down there. The water's not hardly fit to drink. You go up to the park, plenty of good running water. Why you just lay down up there in the creek and drink pure water coming out of the mountains." He said, "I'd rather be back up in the mountains where I used to live." I was just a small boy when I heard him, but I remember. I've seen them with beards that long, white beards way down there, old timers back there living in the mountains. They all wished that the park hadn't bought 'em out, run 'em out. If they didn't sell to the park, the park'd just take it.

L: I go to the cemetery (in the park) to decorate once a year, and these are just forgotten people. (She brings out a map on which she marked the homes of families that used to live in park area.) I just did it in memory of all the ones that give their homes up.

My nephew on that side, he's a schoolteacher, and so he typed it up and fixed it. I used TVA maps to find the rivers and little creeks, and then I went around and put them on. The funny part is, that the mountain is south. These people is living upside down. My north's on the bottom and my south's on the top, and any fool knows that a map's supposed to have a north on the top. But see, the mountains are south of here.

N&T: It's really populated.

L: It was, all of the park area was that populated, and more than that even. See that's my grandparents and that's my uncle. That's my mother's home place, my valley.

H: Our section was Cherokee Orchard.

N&T: You said more people lived up there than in Gatlinburg?

L: It was 600 I believe at one time lived in Sugarlands (section, now a part of the park, about two miles beyond the Sugarlands Visitors Center).

N&T: Did you ever go guiding with your dad?

L: Oh yeah, I used to have to go with him when he'd take a group of women, girls, to LeConte on trips. He was noted for it. They'd call from Knoxville and make appointments or write him. Mama'd send me along to keep his reputation. If his daughter was with him he wasn't out a-wallhoggin' as they called it. I went to LeConte when I didn't want to go. But (the trips) made me love it.

He was the type that would fascinate you with everything, like one time we was up on Clingman's Dome with a group, and they said, "Wiley, what's beyond them mountains?" He said, "I don't know. Them mountains just keep on keeping on." He was descriptive. If he didn't know the name of it, he'd give it a name.

H: He guided such people as Henry Ford, Kate Smith, and Ernie Pyle, Eddie Arnold, that's some of them. We had one of the first shops in Gatlinburg, my mother did, right there where Zoder's Court is now. We lived there in that little shop, and Henry Ford and his wife, Clara Jane Ford came in. That's the way dad met Henry Ford and guided him in the park. Mother had a little young baby that was just born, one of the girls, in the next room there, and she was crying. Mother had the door open, and she (Mrs. Ford) said, "Oh you got a little baby, haven't you? I'd like to see it." So Mama took her in there and got her up out of the crib. She let her hold it. Mom and dad, after dad guided Henry Ford, he named it after Clara Jane. Clara Jane Oakley.

L: Mrs. Ford named it herself, because Martha and me were fussing over what we'd name the new baby. Mrs. Ford said, "I'll name it." So she named it Clara Jane.

H: Then the baby died later on. It didn't live too awful long.

We was just ol' mountain people lived along the street, an ol' gravel road went into the Smoky Mountains then. There wasn't no blacktop right along the river.

Dad guided a multimillionaire and his friend from Philadelphia, Pa., on the Appalachian Trail. They camped out with horses for weeks at a time, and one time he gave my dad—we was all poor people—he gave him 500 dollars. He told dad, "Now put that to a good use, Wiley." Dad went up this road back up there, used to be a sawmill set right up there, went up back in there yonder and bought, he called it a groundhog farm. You had to walk or ride a sled or a horse up in there.

He (the millionaire) said, "Wiley, I'll be down next (year), and I want to see what you done with that 500 dollars. That was a lot of money back in the Hoover days, you know, people was starving. He came down the next year, and he said, "Wiley, you know, you've made a good trade." He seen all these rhododendron clumps, the mountain laurel blooming. He said, "This fall when it gets cold and the sap goes down in the shrubbery," he says, "I want you to get burlap, take it up to these plants, and burlap them up in tow sacks and dirt, and bring 'em down to the sawmill pile up here so a truck could get up to where they haul the lumber out. When you get me a boxcar load fixed, I'll have it backed in down there at Sevierville. You haul it over there in the truck." Dad got a fellow with a sled, and he paid good. He paid all of us. I helped with it myself. We hauled it down there in one of dad's kinfolks' truck, and he (the millionaire) paid dad real good.

We owned half of them mountains up in there (on the edge of the Smokies). He divided it all up among the kids. Finally, they made a road up back there, they got a ski lodge up in there. We had that farm up there. We couldn't have sold it off if tourism hadn't come in.

N&T: What did you do before you retired?

H: I worked for the park service until I retired. I had 33 years counting military service time. I worked the park service and helped restore some of those tug mills and things.
I did everything. I was a jack of all trade good at none, like my dad used to say. I do plumbing work, carpentry work. I build my own homes. I built the one I'm in now on Little Smoky.
N&T: What happened to your brothers and sisters?
H: It was 12 in our family. There was the one girl that died and one boy.
L: The kids went to school and brought home measles and whooping cough. That's how it killed them. They was healthy babies.
H: Then there was three more girls, Lucinda, Martha and Catherine. Catherine lives over in Sevierville. Lucinda lives here and Martha lives over here in another section of town. Martha owned a big motel in town. Her husband was Rush Rollins. Martha (still owns) Royal Townhouse, but it's leased out.

My older brother went to Biloxi, Miss., and he's dead now. Woodrow and Orville they went to Detroit, Mich. They're both still up there. And Charles

Continued on page 38

Story of Gatlinburg . . . 1940

by Wiley Oakley

I like to hear the water trinkling down the mountain all night long so I can sleep well and in the morning hear the chickens crowing for day light to come and then I know there is another new day at the early break of light. now bringing you up to the minute Gatlinburg is gitting to be a buisy place and two many people thrashing the streets all the time. so I am planing to go back in the mountains to live a quite life and not be schroughed to much. I am gitting into trouble about my mountain farm. this is a sad story as some of the young folks in Gatlinburg told me the other day that they wanted to take in more land to the city of Gatlinburg as they expected the city to grow very fast and now would be a good time to do this. and I have had this place for twenty years and its nothing but steep mountains not a flat place on it to build a house on. I hafto dig out in the mountain for a place to build a house so you see this land is just fit to hunt on for animals bears coons opsams squirels fox rabbit whistle pigs or wood chucks scunks minks and so on. its just wild mountains and its the spot where I have picked out many years ago to build me a little home on and live there till I pass on to the other happy hunting ground as the old Indians did hundards of years ago. to make a long story short I am part Indian so little I do no not know how much. so sometimes I tell people one eight to a quarter or other wise I am lightly diped in Indian blood such a little I do not know. so I am giving you history handed down from my fore parrence of long ago. I was born in the Smoky Mts. at the foot of Mt. LeConte in the shadow of this mountain I was raird up. I knew nothing but to hunt and fish this is why I became a well known Mts. guide. I started out at the age of eight years old boy so I learned the lores of wild life at a early age. I hunted and roamed the woods a bair footed boy. bleave me I would slipp so soft and qiote from tree to tree I went not breaking a little stick. some times I would tiptoe as the Indians called it otherwise I walked on my toes so I wouldent break a stick. I was taught by the Indians this was the way to hunt when you dident have a dog. so now back to my little lmountain farm where I have been planing to retire without money as I have failed to make it while I was young so I am graduly retiring without money. we once lived with out money I can do it again. so I close this story saying if my mountain place is put in the incorped city of Gatlinburg I am leaving Gatlinburg for good and my cryes will be heard all over this country and others. I will fiend me a place in some other mountains where I will rest without being told what to do and when and so on. I have been a free man all my life and I figger it will be a crime to push me out of the Smoky Mountains in my old days so if the city of Gatlinburg takes in my mountain home my cryies will be heard far and wide and I will be a Heart broken man for ever so I dont want to be bother with city orders

Tennessee State Library and Archives

Wiley Oakley by giant Tulip Popular six feet in diameter in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, 1940.

—from *Roamin' & Restin'*
used by permission.

Slippery Slopes

Southern Skiing

Mary Alice Basconi

"Challenging skiing seven days and nights a week, easy access, complete apres ski amenities and a friendly, courteous staff makes WINTERPLACE YOUR PLACE for skiing excitement. ***Our commitment to snowmaking assures you when there is no snow in your backyard there is plenty in ours."***

—Promotional brochure for WinterPlace, Flat Top, W.Va.

It's the first day of a winter cold snap and the snow guns have belched white powder since 3 a.m. After several disappointingly warm weeks, the weather has at last allowed snowmaking.

Travelers on Interstate 77 take notice of the white puffs on the mountainside as they drive the stretch between Princeton and Beckley, in the heart of southern West Virginia's coalfields.

Some will be tempted to return, skis in tow, to hurl their bodies down runs with names like Night Mare, Abandoned, Last Chance and East Street. When they do, they'll not just be visiting the tiny burg of Flat Top. It is WinterPlace that draws them, a name emblazoned on souvenir mugs, scarves, hats, pins, headbands and shirts.

"It's difficult to draw people from the North. . . . It's a psychological thing, people not driving south to go skiing."

Eight-year-old WinterPlace, with its 21 slopes, condos, hot tubs and ski shops, is a tiny world all its own. And those who enjoy it are more often than not, affluent southerners who have come to equate winter sports with Appalachian skiing.

"It's difficult to draw people from the North," admits Ed Wooton, WinterPlace's director of marketing. "It's a psychological thing, people not driving south to go skiing."

Across the interstate from West Virginia's WinterPlace lies the remains of Bald Knob, a ski area that operated off and on until some 12 years ago. It had rope tows, not fancy chair lifts, but it featured lights for night skiing.

"It opened 26 or 27 years ago, and it had one ski slope," says Paul Sanna, a WinterPlace ski instructor who, with several partners, helped resurrect the place after an early bankruptcy so that locals would have a place to ski.

"It was pretty exciting," Sanna says. "Even years ago, we got people from Charlotte."

Charlotte is a leading source of skiers. So is the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill area, along with Winston-Salem and Columbia, S.C. Other resorts draw heavily from Atlanta, Greenville, S.C. and Florida.

Consider the recent growth spurts of these Sun Belt communities and you have a ready-made market for one of Southern Appalachia's most successful products.

Skiing has spawned no less than 23 resorts from the Southern Appalachians to the Alleghenies, bringing winter tourists to West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and even Georgia.

Of those states, the biggest winners are West Virginia and North Carolina. West Virginia, with five ski areas, raked in an estimated $61 million from skiers in the 1989-90 season, according to state figures. North Carolina's tally was $55.8 million from 10 resorts, according to an Appalachian State University study.

Some ski-industry investors apparently see room for growth. Two more West Virginia ski areas are on the drawing boards, says Brad Moretz, secretary-treasurer of the North Carolina Ski Area Association. A third ski area is in the works in northern Virginia, while another is under development near Banner Elk, N.C., Moretz adds.

"In the beginning, the only skiers were people who were in the military or those who had lived up North. You had to create a demand," says Moretz, assistant general manager at Appalachian Ski Mountain, near Blowing Rock, N.C.

"When [Southern ski areas] started they were up not only against the weather but against getting people to ski for the first time—getting established as a popular winter activity," he adds.

Snowmaking equipment—reportedly invented in the 1950s by farmers in Massachusetts—added stability to an industry that

once fell prey to the whims of Mother Nature. But even manufactured snow didn't prevent several resorts from failing or falling on hard times.

Snowshoe, with 33 slopes the largest resort in West Virginia, last year was sold to Japanese investors for a reported $20 million. Its prior owner, a consortium of savings-and-loans, had first marketed the resort to some 200 companies.

Snowshoe was not alone in its financial woes. According to Moretz, nearly half of the Southern ski areas have gone through bankruptcy proceedings.

Several of those bankruptcies occurred when developers relied on the more speculative land-sales to carry their projects. Moretz says those days are over, as ski operators of today make it solely on skiing. Their commitment to the industry is seen through capital investments and state-of-the-art equipment.

He notes that promotions are heavy, that more people than ever are skiing, and that—despite several bad seasons in a row—the Southeast is considered "one of the fastest-growing ski markets."

Yet that growth has extracted a price. Observers outside the ski industry worry that communities put too much stock in a business, that despite everything, still rises and falls with the weather.

In Boone, N.C., where many Appalachian State University students both work and play on the slopes, rumors of a ski area's shaky finances spread like an avalanche across campus.

When a ski area suffers, "a lot of people get laid off; people who run the lifts, work with the rentals," says Bain Gill,who runs ASU's outdoor programs.

For some students, coming to ASU is "kind of like going to UNC-W for the beach," she says, referring to University of North Carolina at Wilmington. "People come here for the skiing."

Still, cold weather and snow aren't welcomed by all mountain-dwellers.

Rogers Whitener, a retired ASU English professor and longtime Boone resident, tells a story that points up the strains of living in a tourist spot:

A North Carolina woman had difficulty getting a grader out to remove snow from her country road. She called the state highway office, asking about ski conditions and whether roads were open to Beech Mountain. Assured that she wouldn't need four-wheel-drive because the roads were graded and sanded, she replied: "Is that right? Then would you get the hell out here with one of your scrapers and get me into town?"

Whitener says such feelings crop up among those outside the ski industry, or those "who look askance at the fact that we are sometimes overrun by flatlanders who raised the price of everything."

"Given a choice, they would prefer good weather to whatever would be conducive to good skiing," Whitener says.

A more serious concern is raised by observers of the local

Tennessee State Library and Archives

Southern Skiing

economy, who fear the risks of relying too heavily on up-again, down-again ski profits.

In Boone, where a motel-occupancy tax funds a tourism development authority, officials last year voted to cut back on money spent promoting skiing.

"They made the very pragmatic decision that they're going to get killed if they counted on skiing, and it was a very bad season," says Jim Thompson, managing editor of The Mountain Times, which covers the Boone area. "As you'd expect, the ski slope operators are very concerned."

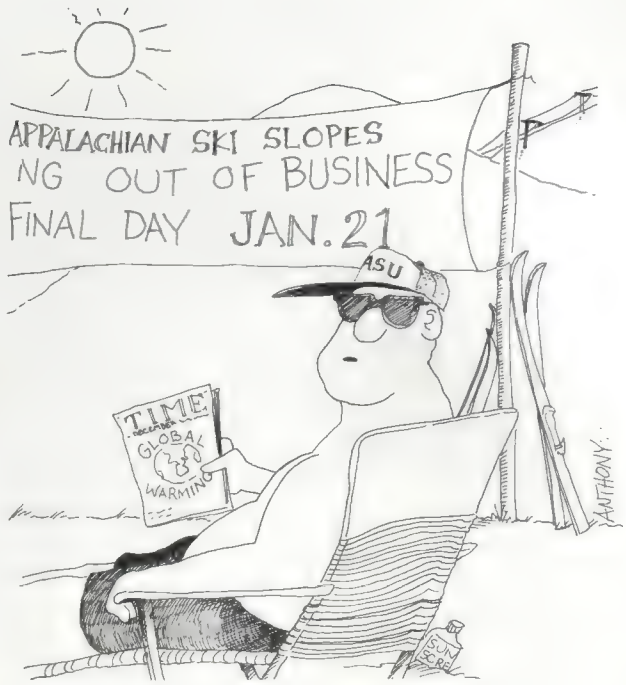
Yet another impact is felt in the Western North Carolina real estate market. Kim DeTamble, director of the Avery County, N.C., Chamber of Commerce, reports slowing condominium sales in ski resort areas, where a record number of condos are in foreclosure.

"Condos are mainly what the ski industry uses. They were overbuilt a few years ago and the ski industry has not grown as fast as they thought it would," she says.

When she to spoke to Now and Then in January, the winter was only halfover—yet damage had been done.

"We've lost an awful lot of business," she says. "It makes people go elsewhere to ski and it's hard to get those people back again."

"A lot of business people have actually come to Banner Elk thinking it was booming place. We've had three dead seasons in a row. I'm sure a lot of them will be moving out after this one," DeTamble says.



Even so, those who remember the earliest days of skiing can't ignore the fact that there is now a full-fledged industry where once none existed at all.

Mary Alice Basconi is a writer in Johnson City, Tenn.

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Children of Tourism

Continued from Page 35

lives up this road here on the old place. Charles was a sign painter around the area. I have land up there myself. David works up at the ski lodge. He's a ski instructor, and he works in the ski lodge. He runs the shop in there. Casey's a fisherman, he takes straight like my dad; my dad never done nothing but dog and a gun, like what he started with back when we lived back in the mountains.

I had three daughters. The oldest, Barbara Ann, she went to the University of Tennessee, got her masters and doctorate degree, and she's working with TVA now in Chattanooga. Her husband works for the nuclear plant, Sequoyah, down in Chattanooga. Then, the next daughter, Sharon, worked for the park service and then went to Washington for the Department of the Interior. Now she's the director of operations of the Voice of America broadcast to Cuba. Anita raises walking horses in Pigeon Forge.

L: I have two daughters. Billie was a tomboy. She works in a nursing home, and all the patients just love her. She has four children. My other daughter, Frances, was with Bell Telephone for 38 years. She lived in Florida for 32 years. She had two daughters that live in Portland, Ore., and they're both in college. I sent two of my grandchildren to university. The first one got married and didn't finish, and I was so disappointed. I've got Jeff in, I sent him to East Tennessee State University for three years. He's at the University of Tennessee now. I've not got that kind of money, but I just want to give my children and my grandchildren what I wanted and didn't get.

Appalachia as Third World

Appalachia: Third World in the U.S., was a June 1990 tour arranged by Global Exchange in San Francisco. For $500, tourists visited "tiny coal towns and remote hollows with names like Jellico, Clairfield and Roses Creek," reports *Los Angeles Daily News* correspondent Jayne Clark. One of seven tour members—three of them reporters—she said, "We bypassed craft shops, state parks and did not so much as dip a toe in a nearby lake that attracts thousands of vacationers. Instead our itinerary included a coal tipple, a women's center and a rural health clinic."

Global Exchange is conducting another tour June 1-9 for $750 (from Knoxville). Call 415-255-7296 for more information.

The Calling

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,
where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt . . .
—Matthew 6:20

Retired missionaries taught us Arts and Crafts
each July at Bible Camp:
how to glue the kidney, navy, and pinto
bean into mosaics, and how to tool the stenciled
butterfly on copper sheets they'd cut for us.
At night, after hymns, they'd cut the lights and
show us slides:
wide-spread trees, studded with corsage;
saved women tucking T-shirts into
wrap-around batiks;
a thatched church whitewashed in the
equator's light.
Above the hum of the projector I could hear the
insects flick their
heads against the windowscreens, aiming
for the brightness of that Africa.

If Jesus knocks on your heart, be ready to say,
'Send me, O Lord, send me,' a teacher told us
confidentially, doling out her baggies of
dried corn.
I bent my head, concentrating hard on my tweezers
as I glued each colored kernel into a rooster
for Mother's kitchen wall.

But Jesus noticed me and started to knock.
Already saved, I looked for signs to show me
what else he would require.
Rest hour, I closed my eyes and flipped my Bible
open, slid
my finger, ouija-like, down the page, and there
was his command:
Go and do ye likewise—
Let the earth and all it contains hear—
Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut
down and thrown into the fire—.

Thursday night, at revival service, I held out
through *Trust and Obey, Standing*
on the Promises, Nothing But The Blood, but
crumpled on *Softly and Tenderly*
Jesus is Calling, promising God, cross
my heart, I'd witness to Rhodesia.
Down the makeshift aisle I walked with the other
weeping girls and stood before the little
bit of congregation left singing
in their metal chairs.

The bathhouse that night was silent,
young Baptists moving from shower to sink
with the stricken look of nuns.
Inside a stall, I stripped, slipped my clothes outside
the curtain, and turned the faucet—but there,
splayed on the shower's wall, was a luna moth,
the eyes of its wings fixed on me.
It shimmered against the cement block:
sherbet-green, plumed, a flamboyant verse
lodged in a page of drab ink.
I waved my hands to scare it out, but, blinkless,
it stayed latched on. Slowly
I moved so close only my breath
moved, parting the fur on its animal back.

One by one the showers cranked dry.
The bathhouse door slammed a final time.
I pulled my clothes back over my sweat, drew
the curtain shut, and walked into a dark
pricked by the lightning bugs' inscrutable morse.

—Lynn Powell

Lynn Powell's first book-length manuscript, ***Old and New Testaments****, was a finalist for both the Academy of American Poets' Walt Whitman Award and the University of Wisconsin's Brittingham Prize this past year. A native of East Tennessee, she now lives in Oberlin, Ohio.*

Reports on Tourism
Behind the Glitter and *Performance Audit*

Bill Dockery

Not everyone is willing to embrace tourism as a panacea for rural economies. Two recent groundbreaking studies have raised serious questions about the costs local people must pay for increased tourism development.

Writing for the Southeast Women's Employment Coalition in Lexington, Ky., Michal Smith says, "the consequences of becoming an 'attraction' suggest that tourism development. . . .is not a sound economic development strategy. While successful development generates much-needed local and state revenue, it also places costly demands on a community's infrastructure, raises the cost of living, degrades the environment which first attracted tourists, dilutes often fragile cultures, and generates principally marginal, seasonal jobs."

"Tourism cannot be viewed as the long-term solution to high unemployment or as a replacement for higher-paying full-time positions."

Smith's report—*Behind the Glitter: The Impact of Tourism on Rural Women in the Southeast*—is a stinging indictment of state spending on tourism development. Her analysis of state and federal employment and census statistics shows that women fare poorly in a tourist economy, working primarily in menial part-time or seasonal jobs for low wages.

"Beyond the small pool of management and short-term, male-dominated construction industry jobs associated with tourism development, the employment 'opportunities' which remain in successful development communities are those of food servers, maids and retails clerks," she writes. "Traditionally held by women, these jobs routinely offer minimal wages, marginal benefits, and virtually no opportunity for advancement."

Smith's study is an examination of 84 rural counties in 12 Southeastern states that experienced a growth in tourism between 1970 an 1984. To decide which places to study, she focused on counties that showed an increase in the number of hotel employees during the period, as indicated by federal labor statistics. Although these areas showed a population growth significantly higher than the national average, her study showed that indicators of the quality of life showed that growth did not improve the economic outlook for residents.

"Prosperity," she says, "simply failed to 'trickle down.' " Paradoxically, counties with an increase in tourism-related jobs actually had a higher unemployment rate than counties with more diverse economies.

Her report, published in August 1989, used Sevier County as a case study and notes, "As a result of Sevier County's heavy reliance on the tourism industry as a source of employment, unemployment has remained a persistent and, in fact, worsening problem over the years. The overall unemployment rates for the county. . . .indicate an acceleration in unemployment that directly paralleled growth in the industry."

Other conclusions of Smith's passionate report:

• The poverty rates for women, especially those who are heads of households, is higher in counties that depend on a tourist economy.

• Blacks in resort areas of the Southeast do not receive even the minimal blessings of tourism development and may choose to abandon counties that depend on tourism.

"Changes in the black and white populations of the study's high-growth tourism counties over the 1970-1980 decade suggest that successful tourism development may translate into an essentially inhospitable climate for blacks," Smith writes.

• A resort economy is especially stressful for women in tourist-related jobs, who must work long hours at menial jobs during the intense tourist season and then face the strain of little or no income during the off season.

Smith's major contention in this sometimes dense, difficult report is that money spent to promote tourism is often a great cost to people at lower socioeconomic levels: "These people often suffer the consequences of a terrible irony, paying hard-earned tax dollars towards the support and promotion of an industry that has done little or possibly nothing to improve their quality of life."

The wisdom of state spending on tourism development is also questioned in another significant study evaluating the impact of tourism on Sevier County. This study, released in April 1989 independently of Smith's report, was produced by the office of Tennessee's comptroller of the treasury.

Titled *Performance Audit: Department of Tourist Development*, the study was conducted by the Treasury's Division of State Audit to determine—as is required by state law—whether the Department of Tourist Development should be abolished, continued or restructured to meet its statutory duties.

The report, signed by Comptroller William R. Snodgrass, concludes that advertising by the Department of Tourist Development has, in fact, increased the number of tourists coming to Tennessee from other states and that spending by travelers increased from $1.67 billion in

Reviews

1977 to $4.1 billion in 1986. Adjusted for inflation, that represents a 22 percent increase in tourist spending over the 10-year period.

In an unusual move, the audit couples this positive news with a warning: "Although the effects of tourism on Tennessee appear economically great and generally beneficial at least in the short run, long-run costs imposed by tourism should be considered when promoting further development of tourism in Tennessee.

"Failure to recognize and plan for the costs of tourism not only overstates the benefits but can result in unexpected economic dilemmas and decrease the quality of life in a community. Ultimately, these problems can be detrimental to the tourism industry and those dependent on it. . . ."

It noted that the negative impact of a tourist economy on the quality of life include "increased demand for water, roads, and utilities during the tourist season; higher cost of living; and increased traffic problems."

State auditors stress the importance of planning for tourism-related growth and development, noting, "Unplanned and uncontrolled growth in tourism can result in deterioration of the environment, an intolerable tourist density, and a shortage of essential services," a comment that officials of the department of Tourist Development counter by asserting, "The department. . . .has no control over the way local communities develop and implement plans for growth."

The audit also supports Smith's conclusion that a tourist economy may actually increase unemployment. It reports that though Sevier County had among the lowest unemployment rates in the state during the summer, its winter rates were among the state's highest. "The low unemployment rate during the tourist season does not compensate for the high rate during the off season." Likewise, applications for Aid to Families with Dependent Children and for food stamps increase dramatically during Sevier County's off season.

The audit concludes that, "tourism cannot be viewed as the long-term solution to high unemployment or as a replacement for higher-paying full-time positions."

The publication of both studies drew predictable responses from officials in Sevier County's tourism industry. Many pointed out that no other jobs are available to many seasonal workers. There is truth to that objection, but the statistics in both studies are suggestive that tourist-based economies may cause more problems than they cure.

Neither study addresses the seductive elements of the tourism economy. The dramatic sales tax revenues and increases in property values lure local officials and businesses to lean on tourism in lieu of developing light industry and other resources that might benefit rural workers more. In fact, it sometimes produces an antagonism toward more diversified development. Addressing his colleagues in 1989, one Sevier County Commissioner—a Gatlinburg motel owner and businessman—warned them not to allow further development of a county industrial park because it would deprive resort businesses of cheap labor. To their credit, many of his colleagues resisted his position in favor of trying for a more diversified industrial base.

Both studies leave the reader with broader questions: must a tourist economy depend on poorly paid labor? Must a successful resort ultimately destroy the attractions it exploits? Is there anything a traveler can do to be a sensitive consumer of tourist services?

Single copies of *Performance Audit: Department of Tourist Development,* April 1989, are available from Performance Audit Section, Division of State Audit, 1600 James K. Polk Blvd., Nashville TN 37243-0264.

Behind the Glitter: The Impact of Tourism on Rural Women in the Southeast by Michal Smith is available from the Southeast Women's Employment Coalition, 92 Piedmont Ave. N.E., Atlanta GA 30303.

Bill Dockery is editorial writer and assistant editorial page editor for the Knoxville News-Sentinel. He grew up in Sevierville, Tenn., and has reported on tourism development in Sevier County from time to time since 1971.

(Reviews at right) Nancy Ostheimer is a friend of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services.

The Smithsonian Guide to Historic America
The Carolinas and the Appalachian States

Stewart, Tabori & Chan
New York, 1989
$18.95 (paperback)

This volume is one in a series of twelve regional guidebooks to historic sites. The series and this volume are devoted to discovering famous and not-so-famous historic towns, battlefields, houses, etc. The guidebook contains over 150 beautiful photographs, as well as historical prints and paintings. The Guide is clearly written, easy to follow, and the illustrations are delightful.

The introduction presents basic history, managing to impart the "flavor" of the region. The unique history of each state precedes its section. This is certainly a useful guide for planning a trip; it would not be as easy to use while speeding along an interstate, wondering what there might be to see in the area.

Touring the Western North Carolina Backroads
by Carolyn Sakowski

John F. Blair, Winston-Salem, 1990
$14.95 (paperback)

For those who wish to avoid the busy, impersonal interstates, this guide is the answer. Whether a "blue highways" motorist or an armchair adventurer, the reader can embark on twenty-one separate tours on two-lane highways and gravel roads. The guide introduces local folklore, tales of early settlers, historic sites, stunning scenery, and even encourages hikes to spectacular waterfalls.

The reader who selects these tours has chosen a leisurely, but practical, approach to travel: the guide clearly states the type and condition of each road: state highways, forest roads, paved or gravel. The maps and the precise mileage from obvious landmarks should prevent anyone from getting lost. Unfortunately, the photographs did not reproduce well, and the positioning of the text is not particularly appealing.

—Nancy Ostheimer

Tracing the history of the Blue Ridge Parkway

by Richard Blaustein

"There is an omnipresent blue haze which hangs heavily over the upper reaches of the mountains and is believed to have inspired the name of the Ridge. The Virginian William Byrd, writing in 1728, was one of the earliest commentators to note this phenomenon." In this opening descriptions of the geology, climate and ecology of the Blue Ridge country, *The Blue Ridge Parkway,* Harley Jolley strikes a happy balance between colorful prose and careful scholarship which makes reading this history a thoroughly worthwhile and enjoyable experience, particularly for anyone interested in exploring the history of tourism in the Appalachians. Published by the University of Tennessee Press in Knoxville in 1969, *The Blue Ridge Parkway* remains one of the important books on the highway built for tourists to admire scenery.

How old is tourism in Appalachia, anyway? Though John W. Morris' essay, "The Potential of Tourism," included in Thomas R. Ford's *The Southern Appalachian Region: A Survey* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1962), makes mention of George Washington's visit to "Ye Famed Warm Springs" at Berkeley, West Virginia, in 1748, traveling for pleasure in the Appalachians was a questionable enterprise well into the early decades of the 20th century. As Jolley informs us, road-building in the South lagged behind that in the North. During the 18th century, southern mountain roads were primitive and perilous: "Frequently the travellers were forced to cut down trees and use grubbing hoes to clear a passage for their wagons. Occasionally block and tackle were required to keep the wagons from slipping over the mountain's edge."

Though the extension of railroads into the Southern highlands following the Civil War fostered the development of spas and hotels which were frequented by upper-class tourists from the lowland

Tennessee State Library and Archives

Scenic overlook, 1954.

South and other sections of the United States, road conditions in most sections of Appalachia could only be described as dismal. Some Appalachian counties were only beginning to acquire *gravel* roads by the early 1930s; Jolley notes that Floyd County, Virginia, did not possess a single *paved* road when construction on the Blue Ridge Parkway commenced in 1935.

Given this history, it is amazing to learn that the concept of a scenic road devoted to automobile tourism rather than general commercial traffic running across the crest of the Blue Ridge had surfaced as early as 1909! This project was the brainchild of a pragmatic visionary, Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, the head of the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey.

Obviously ahead of his time, Col. Pratt foresaw the potential of auto tourism to bolster the region's economy. In 1912, a private corporation was formed to underwrite the construction of this highway. A section of roadway was actually built, but the project was abandoned during the First World War.

The concept of a Blue Ridge scenic highway was revived in 1930. Its major proponent, Rep. Maurice H. Thatcher of Kentucky, envisioned the Appalachian parkway as part of a network of roads linking the national parks in the Eastern United States. Thatcher's efforts to promote the project immediately set off political squabbling between Tennessee and North Carolina, which would emerge again when funding for the Blue Ridge Parkway was formally approved through the National Industrial Recovery Act of June 18, 1933.

Indeed, from this point onward, the history of the Blue Ridge Parkway is largely a chronicle of political thrusts and parries. Cultural anthropologists like to

tell their students that politics can be defined as competition for control of the distribution of the limited resources available in any social system, for which the political history of the Blue Ridge Parkway serves as a nearly perfect textbook illustration. Local response to the parkway project was largely enthusiastic because of the promise of new jobs and tourist dollars to impoverished, exhausted agricultural communities. Federal planners saw road-building as a virtually ideal way of providing economic relief to the Southern mountaineers: it brought the work to them, built upon existing manual skills, and provided an immediate infusion of cash into depressed local consumer markets. Effective lobbying by North Carolina and political blunders by Tennessee's advocates defeated a plan that would have given the Volunteer State a hundred miles of highway running from Bristol to Gatlinburg, which nonetheless emerged as the hub of one of America's greatest tourist attractions.

Though North Carolina won the battle for the route of the Blue Ridge Parkway, the state ran into trouble when it attempted to obtain right-of-way through the Cherokee reservation. Indeed, the concept of "scenic easement" created problems in gaining right-of-way up and down the length of the Blue Ridge Parkway. Once these initial problems were solved, the builders of the parkway faced formidable technical challenges, seeking to preserve the scenic quality of rugged terrain which in some places still presented a frontier-like appearance. The project also ran into jurisdictional difficulties when old enemies, including a substantial number of disgruntled Tennesseans, sought to torpedo its enabling legislation.

Ultimately the Blue Ridge Parkway was placed under the administration of the National Park Service in 1936. It was a great success from the beginning. Even today, the Blue Ridge Parkway remains a remarkable example of holistic planning and interdisciplinary cooperation. As Jolley observes, the Blue Ridge Parkway combined the skills of "the highway engineer, land management specialist, naturalist, historian, and even the philanthropist."

Readers interested in more detailed information regarding the contributions of these various professions to the development of the Blue Ridge Parkway should investigate *Blue Ridge Parkway: Agent of Transition,* which are proceedings of the Blue Ridge Parkway Golden Anniversary Conference edited by Barry M. Buxton and Steven M. Beatty and published by the Appalachian Consortium Press, Boone, N.C., in 1986. In building the Blue Ridge Parkway, efforts were made to preserve some of the traditional architecture of the area (unlike Skyline Drive, where the dwellings and farm buildings of displaced inhabitants had been thoughtlessly demolished). This represents an important early instance of government involvement in what has come to be called "cultural conservation." Even more recently, federally-supported folklorists have studied and sought to enhance the cultural resources along the Blue Ridge Parkway (see *The Process of Field Research: Final Report On The Blue Ridge Parkway Folklife Project* by Carl Fleischhauer and Charles K. Wolfe, published by the American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.,1981). Perhaps the best known cultural attraction on the Blue Ridge Parkway is Mabry Mill (Milepost 176.2) which includes a functioning grist mill and also features demonstrations of tanning, shoemaking, a sorghum mill, a moonshine still and various other traditional Appalachian crafts and subsistence techniques. Also noteworthy are the Brinegar Cabin (Milepost 238.2), where mountain weaving and basketmaking are demonstrated, and the Parkway Craft Center (Milepost 294.0) near Asheville, the land for which was donated by the Moses Cone estate, which is run in conjunction with the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild.

Attracting nearly nine million visitors a year, the Blue Ridge Parkway is, along with Great Smoky Mountains National Park, one of the greatest tourist attractions in the United States, not to mention Appalachia. Harley Jolley's rigorously researched yet highly readable study makes the history of this major example of federal involvement in tourism easily accessible to travelers and scholars alike. Casual readers interested in a capsule history which summarizes the main points addressed in this book will enjoy Jolley's *Blue Ridge Parkway: The First Fifty Years* published by the Appalachian Consortium Press in 1985, which includes excellent photographs by William A. Bake. Both are still in print and highly recommended.

Here's one you'll love! Two weeks in a Southwest Virginia coal mine.

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Music

"They All Faded Away" was written by Robin Williams and Jerome Clark. I heard this song on Robin and Linda Williams' new recording on Sugar Hill Records, *The Rhythm Of Love*. Robin said the idea for the song came from what happens to kinfolks after a relationship breaks up. It also has to do with life in the valley, specifically the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, where Robin and Linda live.

This song abstractly expresses those little histories that lay at door steps, beneath willow trees, at gas pumps, down dirt roads to the paved ones—those histories only each one of us knows. I guess, we are all tourists traveling; fortunately we don't all have billboards.

—Ed Snodderly

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

Looking toward Mt. LeConte from Pigeon Forge, 1920. Dave Householder's place on the right is now next to a 24-hour bank teller.

Robin M. Williams & Jerome Clark

They All Faded Away

All those rolling little hills and ram - shackled towns And
green green rocky roads have got my head all turned a - round
Oh I see them in my mind when I think of you
I can see the countryside that we two were just passing through
Your folks live down by the lake I see them for your
sake But when you turned a - way They all began to
fade Like ghosts in the air Like they were never
there They all faded a - way

2.

I held you tight in my arms But then I heard you cry
I felt my world begin to spin Our love was young why did it die
Down the valley I see the country of my soul
It's a land both green and young where the blue waters gently roll

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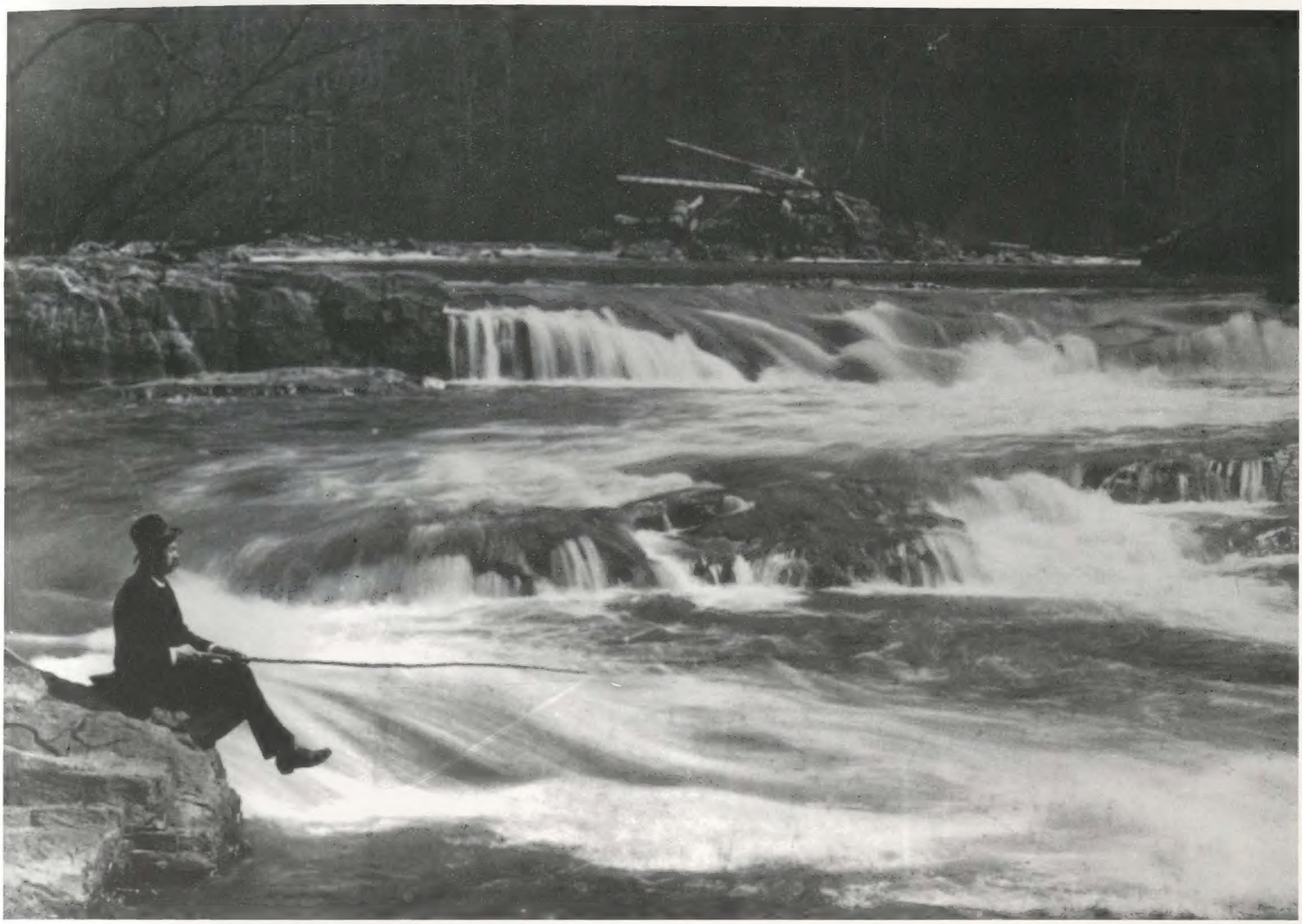
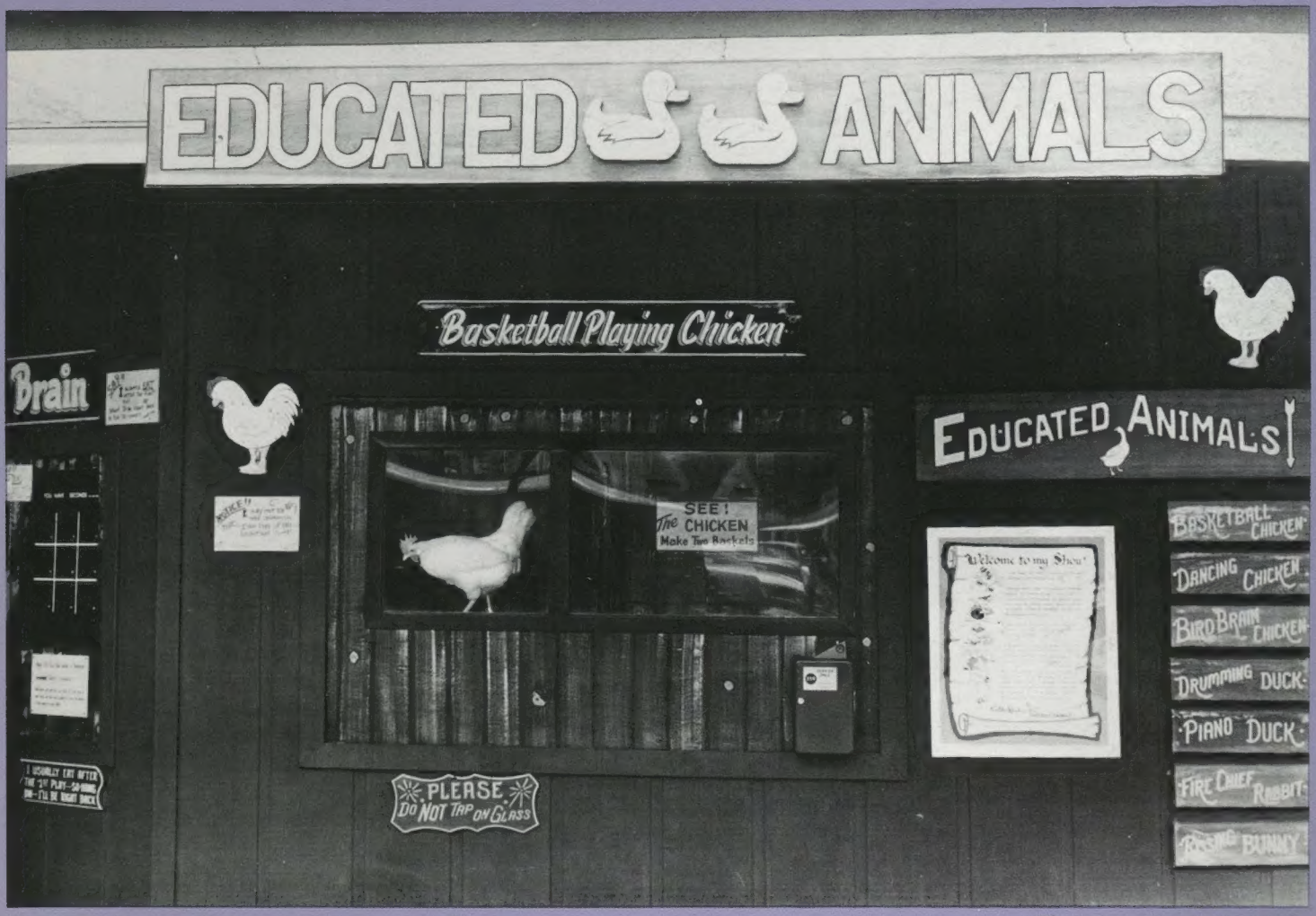
Sugar Hill Records, Duke Station, Durham, North Carolina.



Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives, Mars Hill College

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
—Robert Frost from "The Road Not Taken," 1916



Pat Arnow

See the chicken make two baskets. **Cherokee, North Carolina**

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